Fit "TripleX" -and be safe Chrysler do

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLII No. 1987 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC FEBRUARY 19 1938

MARTELL

CORDON BLEU

A VERY FINE LIQUEUR BRANDY

—and there's EXTRA
Very expensive, but MARTELL'S finest liqueur brandy. 70 years in cask.

GUARANTEED 35 YEARS IN CASK

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

Wickham Court HOTEL

WEST WICKHAM, KENT

Half an hour from City and West End. Telephone: Springpark 2000.

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn), with original panelling, fireplaces, etc.; in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of Hotels.

Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath. Tennis, billiards, dances, car service to station -all free. Also FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds. in length). Squash Rackets.

Winter Terms—Reduction 20%-25%. No Alteration in Standard

Illustrated brochure free on request.

OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS

What is CLARET? SAUTERNES?

A descriptive booklet (not a price list) will be sent post free on application to Bordeaux Agents Association, 17, Harp Lane, London, E.C.3.

Increasing in Popularity—

Presta TRADE MARK

AERATED WATERS

satisfy the most discriminating palate

Sold by The APOLLINARIS Co., Ltd.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1

LEMON HART RUM

EST. 1804

YOUR WARMEST FRIEND

An Atmosphere of Gay Luxurious Charm

ROYAL BATH HOTEL

Bournemouth

In delightful grounds overlooking the Bay; convenient for Golf, Tennis and Riding; Dancing and Cabaret in magnificent Ballroom; Cuisine and Service unrivalled.

Illustrated Brochure and Terms on request. 'Phone Bournemouth 5555

For FACE & HANDS

Many complexions—hands too—lose their beauty during the indoor months of winter. Fog and grime, which seal up the waste products of the pores, are primary causes of this condition. The skin loses its freshness and becomes sallow: spots, blemishes and pimples often result. Hands become rough and chapped. Prevent these defects by a daily massage with Larola—a real skin tonic which invigorates the delicate skin tissues, cleanses the pores of all impurities and safeguards the hands and complexion against the most bitter wind, leaving the skin beautifully soft and smooth. Larola is so necessary for those evenings when décolleté demands lily white skin.

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

Larola

From all Chemists and Stores, or Post free in U.K. direct from:

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

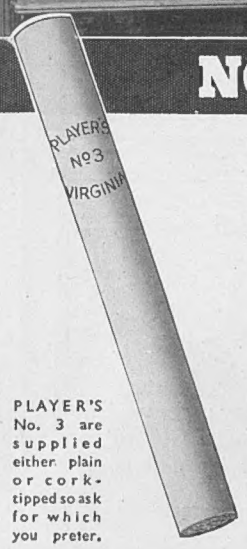
Write for a copy of the interesting and informative Larola Booklet **"The Cult of Beauty"** *post free.*

Larola Soap: Boxes of 3 tablets, **2/-**. *Single tablets,* **8d.**
Larola Rose Bloom (Rouge), the Natural Tint, Sifter Boxes with Puff, **1/-** *&* **2/6** *each.*

Henry Heath Ltd
105/9 Oxford Street
172 New Bond St. W.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

'Heathmoor' regd. Model 9394. In rough felt or Model 8120 in plain felt, 21/9. In all fashionable colours. Agencies everywhere.

NOTABLE NUMBERS



THE JEWS HOUSE, No. 1 STEEP HILL, LINCOLN—This ancient house, which dates back to Norman times, was built about 1100, and is said to be one of the oldest inhabited houses in England.

The slow maturing process of time plays its part in the production of that other notable number—Player's No. 3. Mellowness, distinction of aroma, flavour, and *finer* quality in the tobacco—these are the reasons why No. 3 is such a notable smoke.

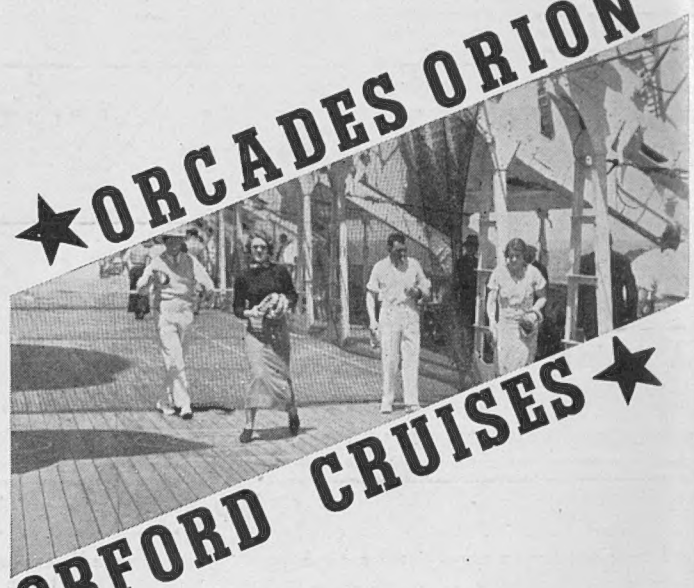
PLAYER'S No. 3 are supplied either plain or cork-tipped so ask for which you prefer.

PLAYER'S NUMBER 3
EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA

20 FOR 1/4 50 FOR 3/3 50 TINS (plain only) 3/4

3.P.46.D.

★ORCADES ORION ORFORD CRUISES★



Huge sunny decks where you can read or play games: beds where you cannot fail to sleep: all your housekeeping done for you. You'll feel fit after a cruise.

12 CRUISES—1ST CLASS ONLY

By ORCADES & ORION (23,500 tons) from APRIL to SEPTEMBER to the EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN, ADRIATIC, NORWAY and the BALTIC. *Fares from* 22 *GNS.*

4 CRUISES—1ST and TOURIST CLASS

By ORFORD (20,000 tons) in JULY and AUGUST to the WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN.

Fares from: £22 *1st Class.* £12 *Tourist*

Write for illustrated booklets

★ORIENT LINE

Managers: Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3. West End Offices: 14 Cockspur St., S.W.1 & No. 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2. TELEPHONES: MAN 3456 WHI 6981 TEM 2258 *or Agents*

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 19, 1938

NORFOLK INVADED BY THE SEA

A Marooned Farmhouse in the Horsey District After the Tide Had Battered Down the Coastal Defences and Swept Inland

Less than eleven months ago the waters ran riot in the Norfolk Fen country, bursting the great dykes and spreading far and wide across the land, drowning many hundreds of rich acres. Now comes further woeful news of a like nature, for at Horsey, near Great Yarmouth, the sea, whipped to a fury by a 70 m.p.h. gale, has broken down the coast-defending sand dunes for a distance of 600 yards, and swept inland to join the Broads, inundating on its way a whole village and, as witness this picture, isolating farm buildings. A few families have remained in the upper storeys of their houses, but most of the residents were evacuated during the week-end when many of the cattle and horses, which were not drowned in the first swift onslaught of the tide, were also removed to higher ground. Horsey stands on land reclaimed from the sea many years ago, and is for this reason always subject to its turbulent threat. Elsewhere in East Anglia there has been further serious flooding, and last Saturday night hundreds of volunteers struggled in the howling wind to rush 8,000 protective clay bags into a breach in the Ouse near Denver Sluice, their efforts eventually succeeding in averting what might have been a large-scale disaster. (See pages 282 and 283 of this issue)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE BULLET: An R.A.F. Hawker Hurricane plane of the type which last week flew from Turnhouse Aerodrome, near Edinburgh, to Northolt, Middlesex, covering the 327 miles in 48 mins. at the well-nigh incredible speed of 408.75 m.p.h. or nearly seven miles a minute. The flight, which was made under ordinary service conditions with full military equipment, was the fastest ever carried out in darkness, at the same time exceeding the record speed for a landplane and coming within 32 m.p.h. of the sea-plane record. Squadron-Leader John Woodburn Gillan, the pilot, stated in a subsequent interview that he was guided by his blind-flying instruments only, and at one stage travelled 50 miles through a thick blanket of fog. Conditions, he said, were very bumpy

A LONDON

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, February 16, 1938.

THE PATH TO PEACE.—

When the history of Europe, 1918–1938, comes to be written, the historians will be called on to examine exhaustively the root-causes of European misunderstanding, bitterness, and jealousy. Not all are economic and political. It will be impossible for those historians to deny the heavy responsibility borne by certain heady and unbalanced and far from patriotic elements of the Press of Europe. Indeed, if the measure of responsibility shared between peoples, Governments, and the Press be split on a percentage basis, it must be found that while the peoples are practically acquitted, the irresponsible elements of the Press bear a heavier share of the blame than the Governments, because they perpetuated seeds of bitterness without being able to plead the justification of fear, or uncertainty, or misguided national interest. The moment has come—is overdue—to stress that hideous cause of unrest, that prime enemy of pacification. The peoples of Europe are essentially friendly one to another. Every traveller is instantly made aware of the fact; in Britain, in Italy, in Germany, in any and every country the stranger is made welcome and treated with sympathy, respect, friendliness. Some Governments have at least the excuse that they are torn by strong rival loyalties and blinded by heavy cares and responsibilities. The heady Press has no such excuse. The plea I would urge is that all European institutions—but above all, broadcasting companies in general and the B.B.C. in particular—should cease henceforth to give free publicity to the views on European events maliciously and instantly published by irresponsible organs of the Press of Europe, most of all by those described as "Semi-official organs". It has long been a matter of surprise and disgust to me that the B.B.C. should devote so much time, following the announcement of political events in this or that country, to a précis of the Press reactions to those events. No clearer cause of suspicion and bitterness exists than such hasty and unguarded outbursts, often treated by the B.B.C. with a respect they do not deserve and should not receive. It is time that such publicity ceased, and that a clear distinction be made between the few great Press organs that strive for peace with restraint and impartiality and those which are juggernauts of a misguided commercialism.

APROPOS.—

Apropos to the above, last week Professor Gilbert Murray (who should surely have known better), speaking to members of the National Liberal Club as chairman of the League of Nations Union (of all things!), declared his belief that Britain had offered the United States armed aid in the Far East. Mr. Hull expressed in strong terms the intense annoyance that this statement had caused in political circles in America and made it clear how much such irresponsible "semi-official" disclosures handicap the cause of Anglo-American understanding in a critical situation. Professor Murray's explanation was hardly creditable to his logic and commonsense. He explained that he based his good reason for knowing on a statement which was published a fortnight before of a report of a statement by a supporter of the Government. Even admitting that that report appeared in a most respectable organ, the Professor's reckless acceptance of his authorities for a very delicate and confidential agreement was reprehensible. If it had been true, it was surely for the Premier to make it known in his own time.

THE TROUBLE ABOUT PURGING.—

Purging is an ancient remedy in politics and medicine. All our civilisations employed the purge. Its great objection is that once embarked on it is difficult to know where and when to stop. In Germany the purge is active and prolonged. The Leader has snatched a new slogan from my tattered Latin grammar: *Quae cum ita sint, Catalina, purge quo coepisti.* (How it all comes back to me; inky desks, inky fingers and hard forms and a view of the green cricket ground through the ugly window). The purges in Germany remind me of a recent amateur effort to remove from an outbuilding a patch of dry-rot. The more I cut away from the beam, the more I laid bare. I feel certain that the best way to preserve what friendly relations we have with Germany (and we always wish to improve them) is to give currency to no rumours about German internal unrest and to leave Germany to set her house in order. It is not our business, and there is no cause for surprise that even in Nazi Germany there should be undercurrents of antipathy to the established order. On the one hand Communism, which was once powerful in Germany but which has not this time reared its head, is not conceivably stamped out. On the other hand there is not (and never has been) such a thing as an army without elements of "stubborn barrack mentality," nor any nation whose middle-aged and old elements did not silently revolt from a youth movement or hanker back to the traditions and established sense of permanence of their youth. Do not we in England (some of us) cast one longing, lingering look behind to the bad old days of our youth? Are we not purged (and retired before our time) every day in the year?

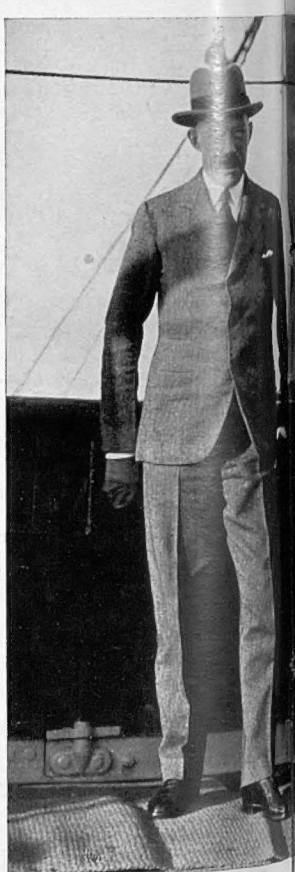
BEYOND THE SEA.—

Ulster has certainly shown that talk of a United Ireland for several years at least is a will-o'-the-wisp. "Dev" will be back here in a day or two and whatever counters he employs to bring about political and economic co-operation between the former Free State and Britain, that counter will not pass current. M. Goga's fall from brief power in Rumania is the first victory for the Jews scored for some years. The Jews control most of the commerce in Rumania and no sooner had M. Goga announced his Jew-baiting policy than the wheels of commerce ceased to move. Only the Jews can set them going again. So M. Goga had to go, and now King Carol is likely to be busy building a new Jerusalem right up to the time of his long postponed and longed-for visit to Buckingham Palace. "Jerusalem the Golden" must be the slogan of the Patriarch Premier. India is disappointed of its Imperial visit. Let us hope the time will come. This year never looked hopeful. The times are dark and dangerous. The cost to India heavy. The King's absence overseas for a longish period implies a great deal of planning and inevitable delays in the machinery of Government. A visit to India by the King entails in these times the giving of unjustifiable hostages to fortune, and the postponement was inevitable.

U.S.A. WAGES AND PRICES.—

Critics of Mr. Roosevelt suggest that, in opposing wage reductions and demanding price reductions, he is applying one line of reasoning to the price of goods and quite another to the price of labour. He argues that the only way to get volume of trade is to produce goods for a price which the public will pay. True; but the only way in which workers can get full employment is to work for wages which employers can pay. In the long run, the public is the employer. The best price is not necessarily the highest price; it is the price under which the largest volume of goods can be produced and sold. Equally true, the ideal wage rate (and many Labour leaders now recognise it) is not necessarily the highest, but that

YOUNG ISLAM FORGATHERS IN SURREY: Dark-eyed Muslim children with their parents at a service in the Shah Jehan mosque at Woking last week on the occasion of the important festival of Id-Ul-Azha

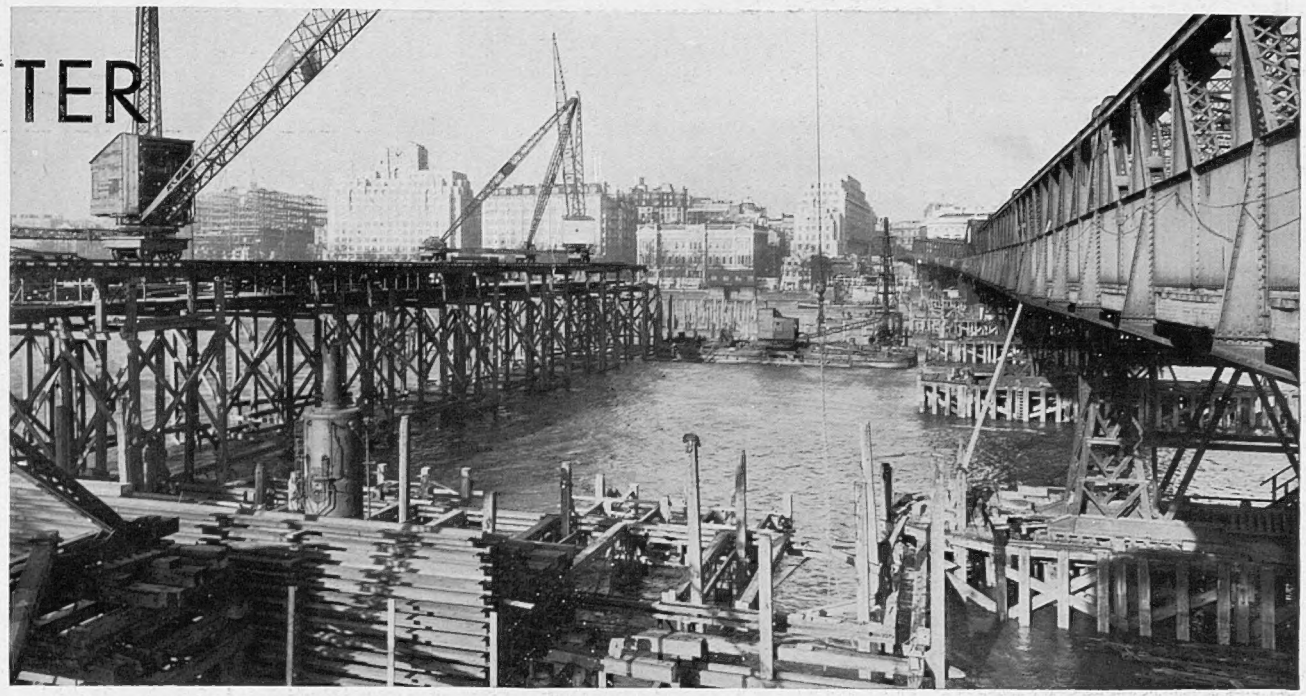


THE ROYAL JOURNEY TO CYPRUS: Captain on the bridge of the Marseilles for Famagusta, Cy Grand Lodge of England, was does not as a rule call at the

NEWSLETTER

rate which allows the maximum of employment. It is not the purchasing power of the working population but the purchasing power of the *whole* population which makes for trade prosperity.

PARIS ROYAL VISIT.—That the first State visit of the new reign should be to France is natural enough. France is our nearest neighbour and our most important and closest ally (or co-operator). Oddly enough, such State visits have been rare, and those which have taken place have been accorded in advance, and in retrospect also, a good deal of historical importance. That there should have been a long gap between the State visit of Henry VIII to François Ier and that of Victoria to Louis-Philippe needs no explanation. France during much of that period was rather too close to us geographically; too close to be a pleasant neighbour. Then came the entente cordiale visit of Edward VII. Ten years later in the year of Fate, 1914, the State visit of George V. And now, in June, when the King will unveil the Australian memorial at Villers Bretonneux, which has been an unconscionable time abuilding, Their Majesties will pay the fourth State visit in eighty-four years, by the fourth generation of the Royal House. It is difficult to accept it that only eighteen months have passed since Edward VIII unveiled the great Canadian memorial at Vimy and cancelled his French holiday at the request of the French Government embarrassed by the trouble from Spain. So much water has flowed under the Pont Neuf and London Bridge since then. Each State visit referred to has become something of a portent (like the aurora borealis). Each in critical times cemented anew Anglo-French accord before or after periods of strained relations or of dangerous happenings. When the King and Queen are staying in Paris the Duke and Duchess of Windsor will presumably still be in residence at Versailles, and it will be natural that the Royal brothers will meet.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEW WATERLOO BRIDGE: Staging built out across the Thames as the preliminary engineering work proceeds on the site of the successor to Rennie's demolished masterpiece. The bridge itself will be completed by mid-summer, 1940, and in the following year the sturdy makeshift (seen on right), which has stood for so long, will have disappeared, leaving the Embankment something like its old self. At the finish the "battle of Waterloo Bridge" will have cost ratepayers about £1,200,000 (£670,000 being the cost of the new structure), but, judging from the following letter to "The Sphere" the L.C.C.'s solution of this long-standing problem is still viewed with apprehension. On pages 296 and 297 will be found a special feature dealing with the question

"Battle of Waterloo Bridge"

A Letter To "The Sphere" On This Still Vexed Question

"The intimation that the L.C.C. has agreed to submit the designs for the new Waterloo Bridge to the Royal Fine Arts Commission will doubtless come as a surprise to the outside world. The impression had been gathered that the whole matter had been settled. The five stretched-out arches and the strange abutments to the land have fixed themselves in the minds of many as parts of a troubled dream which will, inversely, become one day a reality to be lived with. Appreciative comment has also been officially issued and faithfully repeated by an uncritical Press.

"Is it possible that these plans may be seriously altered? Many regard it as almost too good to be true. A busy bridge is such a palpitating link between masses of human beings that it demands the noblest possible treatment. One could scarcely describe the plans hitherto accepted 'in broad outline' as noble. As they stand they appear to be primarily the work of the L.C.C.'s engineers; just what the work of the architect consists of remains unrevealed.

"Certainly the 'architecting' of a bridge conceived by the ferro-concrete-minded is no easy matter. A dilemma at once presents itself. The concrete faces are not considered likely to look pleasant when London's aggressive atmosphere gets at them. So they are to be dressed in Portland stone. But if stone is presented to the eye, the mind says 'this arch cannot stand'. A constant mental adjustment will have to be made. 'Oh, no, it won't snap. There is good strong ferro-concrete inside.'"

A BUMPER YEAR: Lord Horder, M. Andre Simon, and M. Victor Lanson, of the renowned house of Lanson Père et Fils, sampling 1933 champagne which has just made its bow in London and is accorded a very fine vintage considering its youth

The Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood with the Ellerman City Line steamer, *City of Venice*, before leaving Gibraltar on an important Masonic mission. The vessel is bound on an important Masonic mission. The vessel was diverted to Tenerife, but changed its schedule especially for the occasion

1933 CHAMPAGNE.—For champagne it seems certain that the 1933 vintage will be remembered and appreciated like those of '89, '92, and '04. It has the body of 1926 and all the elegances of 1928. Usually champagne is kept, as were Victorian infants, in decent obscurity until well on in the schoolroom stage. But for this 1933 vintage all modern rules are broken, and there is a reversion to a past fashion of drinking five and six years old champagne. 1933 is a vintage to drink young. It is all a matter of temperament (in the wine). 1892 improved continuously up to its tenth year; 1893 was at its best at the age of three, and was "finished" as a delicacy after its tenth birthday. Paris has been drinking 1933 since last summer, and Paris is a good judge, and in particular among French connoisseurs I fancy M. Victor Lanson (of that famous House of Lanson) who was in London last week, would endorse my remarks on the excellence and characteristics of 1933 vintage, and so I gather will many of the privileged who revelled and drank deep of the new vintage during its London première at which it made the most auspicious of bows.

NORFOLK HOUSE.—Having visited the basements of Norfolk House, any surprise I may have felt at the Duke's decision to dispose of his historic mansion in St. James's, vanishes. I doubt if he cast one longing, lingering look behind. The shades and arches of old Adelphi seemed lighter, airier, and more cheerful than those Stygian caverns where for two hundred years the Norfolk servants passed their laborious days. Old Norfolk House behind looked as frail and ugly as the old Lion Brewery, and I could recapture no spark of romance even from the state-coach and chaise which stood so sadly and so out-of-place in the courtyard until knocked down as curios. When I danced in the long salons in earlier days, I never realised that I was waltzing over a living tomb. Not every Georgian house deserves our passionate propaganda for preservation. Some of the largest, if preserved as museum pieces, would be terrible weapons for critics of the callousness of the Age of Privilege for which we pay so high to-day in our domestic (or lack of domestic) problems.

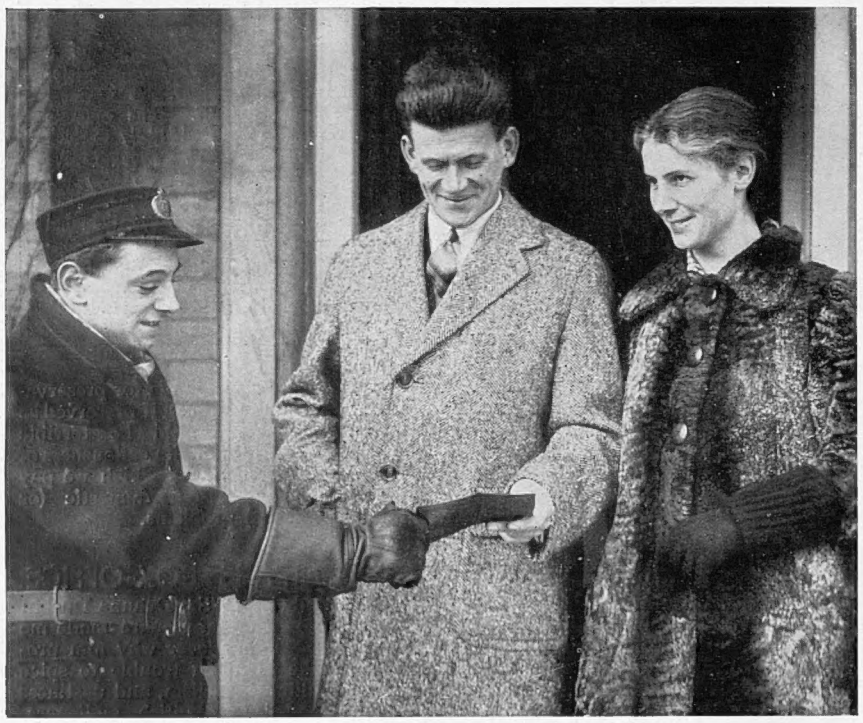
SIMPLICITY IS BOX-OFFICE.—A second visit to the Deanna Durbin film at the Leicester Square made me wonder more than ever why film producers take so much trouble to spice with worldliness, realism, and nastiness films intended for British audiences. For with British audiences the simple nursery rhyme, the fairy-tale of childhood unadorned, is the surest box-office. The charms of young Deanna are obvious—her appeal needs no stressing. But the components of the recipe in *100 Men and a Girl* are worth analysing. Here is a world of unreality, the setting of all fairy tales. In this world only (or almost only) utter simplicity, brotherly love, family affection, and pure goodness direct the thoughts and actions of all concerned. Cynicism plays no part in it, benevolence fails to carry off the disguise of commercial acumen. Love itself—a love interest—is banished from the plot. It is quite unnecessary. Sweet music and a nursery fairy tale hold the audience entranced, only too glad to be translated for two hours from the world of reality and disillusion into the land where it is always afternoon. Why bother then about sex problems and horrific Mickey Mouse-holes which are expensive and doubtful expedients? The children love best and ever return with enthusiasm to the old nursery toys, the Victorian rag-dolls, the Hans Andersen fairy tales.

THE OLD STAGER

PANORAMA of the WEEK

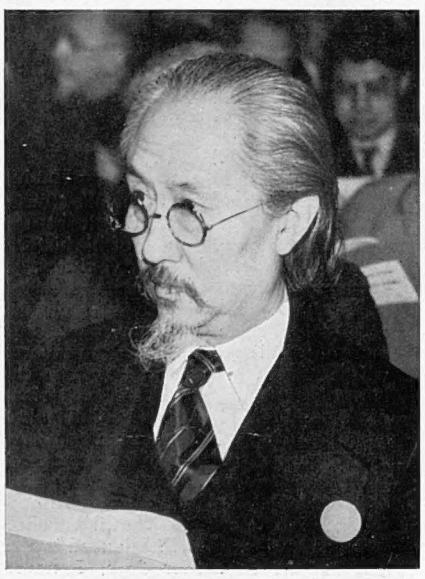
A MONASTIC MODE: Mrs. J. H. Dewar had a thoroughly suitable headgear as she watched the Waterloo Cup heats at Altcar in company with her husband. Heavy hail storms swept the ground at intervals, making things thoroughly uncomfortable for spectators

PUNY MAN AT THE SEA'S MERCY: Voluntary helpers attempting to meet the emergency on the East Anglian coast, where at high tide the sea had levelled the sand dunes and flowed over the countryside, completely isolating the village of Horsey



HEADLINED ROMANCE: Miss MacDonald, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, receiving congratulations in company with her fiancé, Mr. Norman Ridgley, of Speen, a decorator by trade. Miss MacDonald will continue to run her Buckinghamshire inn

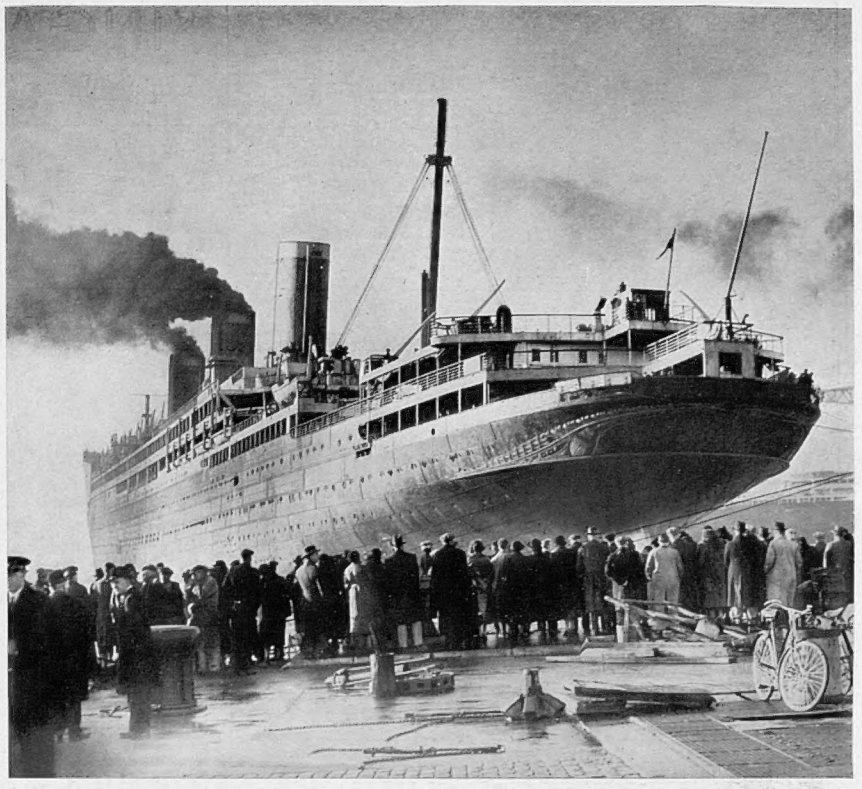
THE SEA IN ITS FURY SEEKS TO DESTROY A PLEASURE PIER: Timbers ripped from position at Margate during the great gale last week-end when resorts on the South and East coasts suffered considerably, the sea defences being severely tried



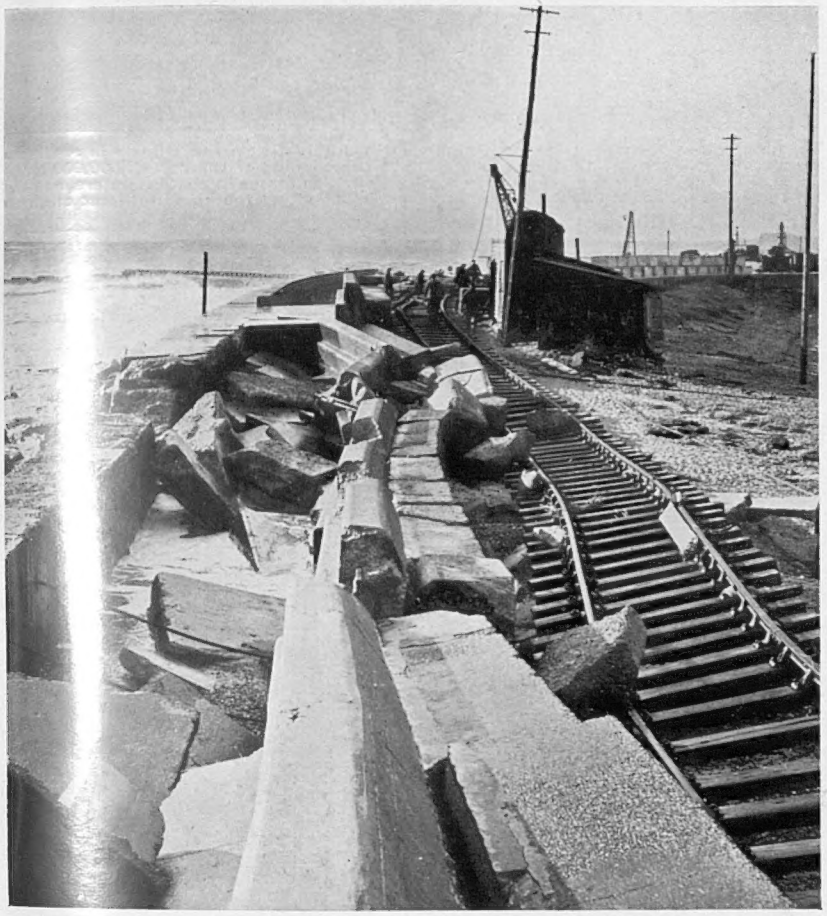
ALL FOR CHINA: *Left*—London's intelligentsia were much to the fore in the big parade through the West End calling on people to boycott Japanese goods. *Right*—Bearded Professor Li Yuing, President of the Peiping Academy, was a picturesque figure at the meeting called at British Industries House to discuss ways and means of aiding China

DEATH THROES AT NIAGARA: The dramatic scene as charges of dynamite blew up the crumpled wreckage of the famous Falls View Bridge which, following its collapse into the ice-bound gorge, was completely destroyed in this way in order to prevent its acting as a barrier to giant ice-blocks still pouring over the cataract

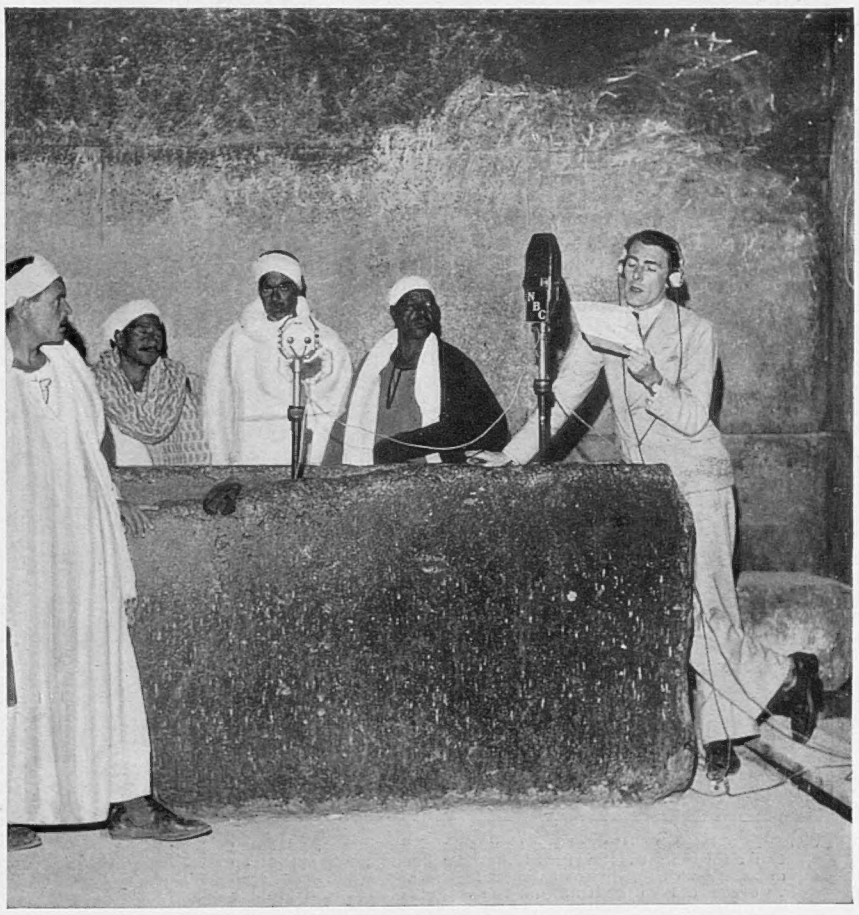
THE INVADING TIDE has turned East Anglian roads into rivers and completely marooned this windmill in the Horsey district where flood conditions are declared to be quite the worst that have been experienced in Norfolk in half a century



HER SAILING DAYS ARE DONE: The giant United States liner, *Leviathan*, once the largest vessel in the world and one of the finest pre-war products of the German shipyards, pictured on arrival at Rosyth, where she is to be broken up for scrap



GRANITE BLOCKS, THE PLAYTHINGS OF THE WAVES: A picture from Lowestoft providing further evidence of the extent of last week-end's gale havoc. The sea wall was smashed in two places and the railroad twisted into a switchback



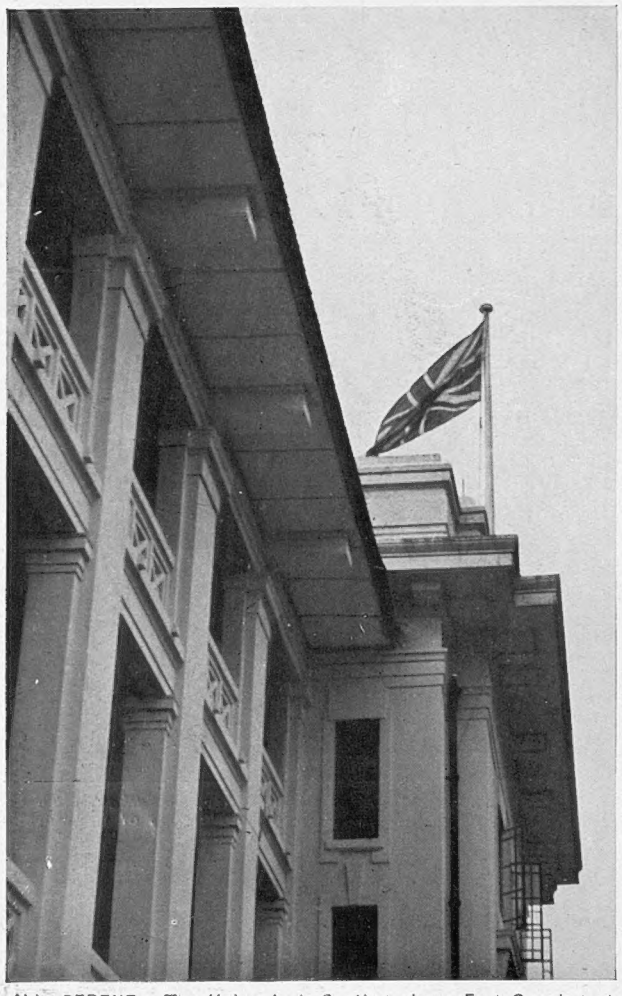
"WE ARE NOW TAKING YOU OVER TO THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS" came the voice of the announcer the other day when American listeners were treated to a novel broadcast from the great tomb chamber. The talk recounted the nature of some of the recent discoveries in the vicinity, the organiser of the excavations participating

KING WINTER CHALLENGES ELECTRICAL MIGHT: Ice blocks almost completely covering one of the giant generators in the Hydro-Electric Power Commission's plant at the base of the Horseshoe Cataract, Niagara Falls. The damage to machinery is estimated at £200,000, and all operations are, of course, at a standstill

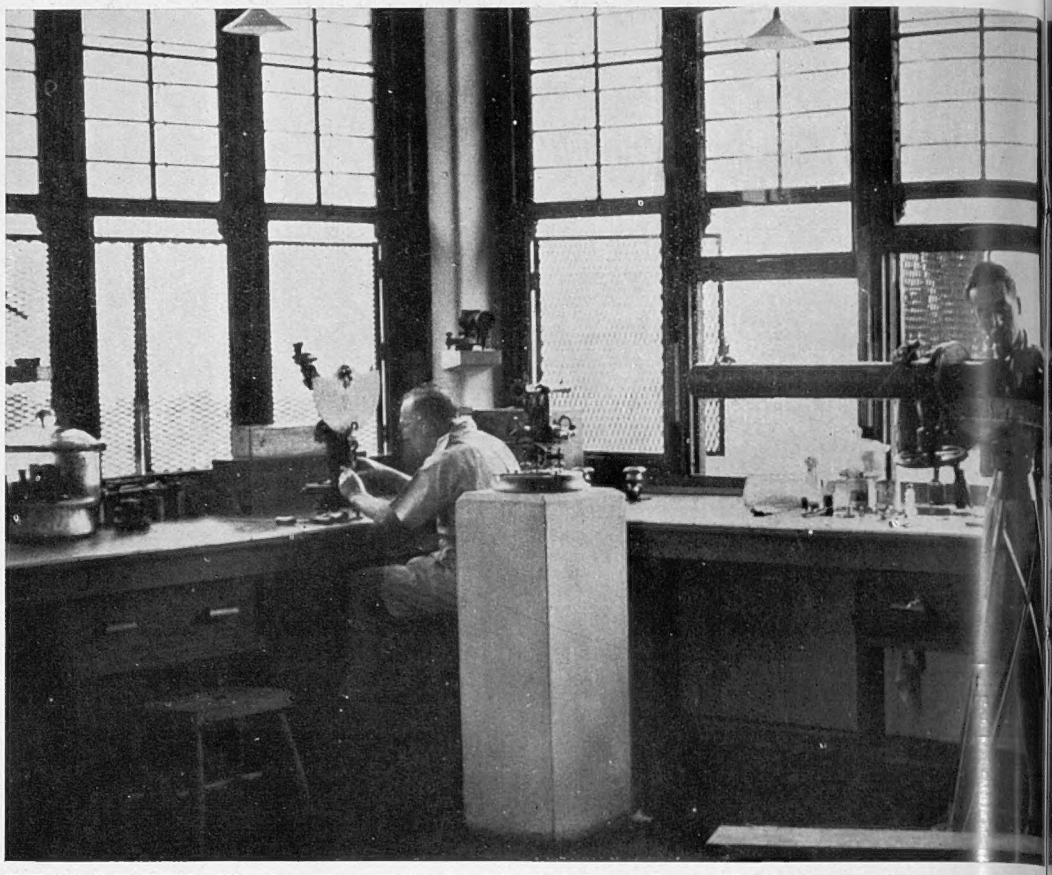
SILKEN-EARED ELEGANT: The prize-winning cocker spaniel, Exquisite Model of Ware, standing beside its owner, Mr. H. S. Lloyd, as Mrs. Cruft handed over the Heddell Memorial Trophy for the best exhibit in Cruft's Dog Show at the Agricultural Hall

SINGAPORE RESISTS ATTACK FR

Special "Sphere" Pictures Taken During the Recent Large Scale Exercises Held Prior to

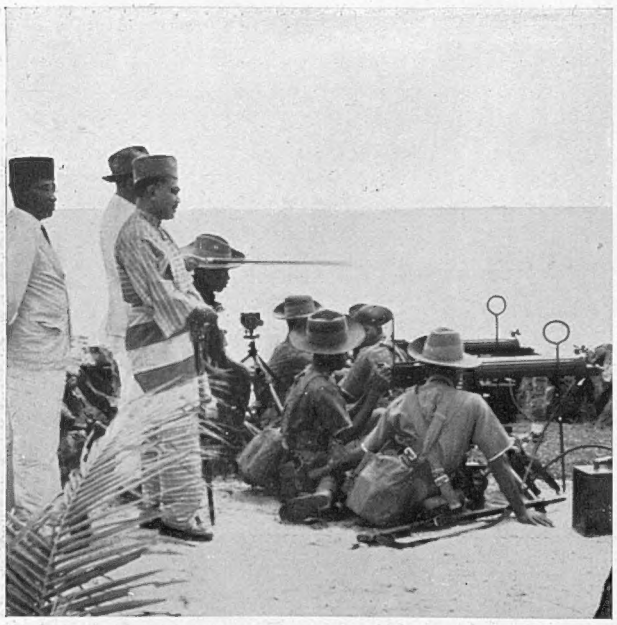


ALL SERENE: The Union Jack floating above Fort Canning at the conclusion of the recent land, sea, and air manœuvres at Singapore during which the island's new defences were tested and gave proof of their efficiency. Twenty-four warships, many aircraft, and nearly 20,000 men took part

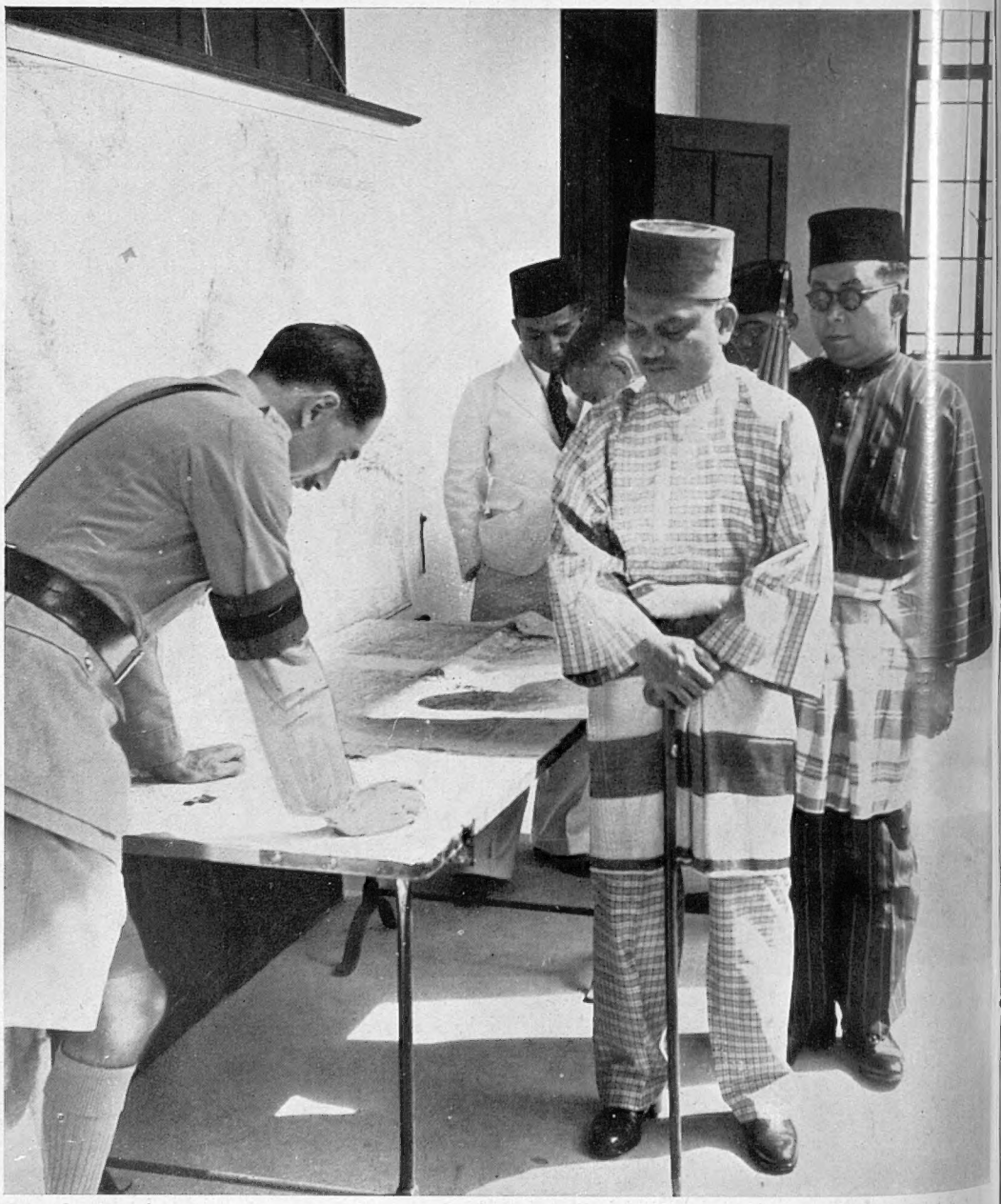


THE R.A.O.C. PREPARES: An artificer of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps adjusting a range-finder in readiness for the combined exercises which were held at Singapore prior to the opening of the new £9,000,000 naval base. Manœuvres on such a scale have never before been staged by British forces in eastern waters, and the lessons derived from them have without doubt been most valuable, indicating the points of least strength

SYMBOL OF MIGHT: One of the sentinels of Singapore, guarding the approach to the naval and air bases at the eastern entrance to the Strait of Johore. The shore guns rendered valuable aid in beating off the attacks of the warships



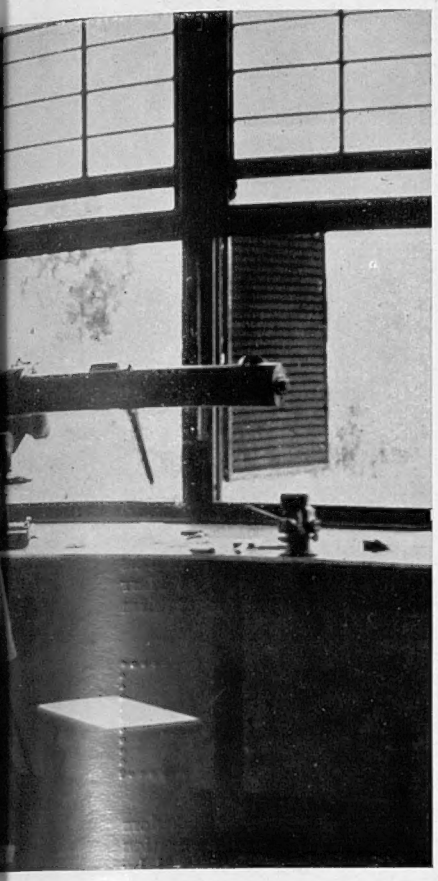
A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: The Yang Di-pertuan Besar of Negri Sembilan, one of the rulers of the Federated Malay States, visiting a machine-gun post of the Malay Regiment which was defending the Beting Kusa shore during the manœuvres

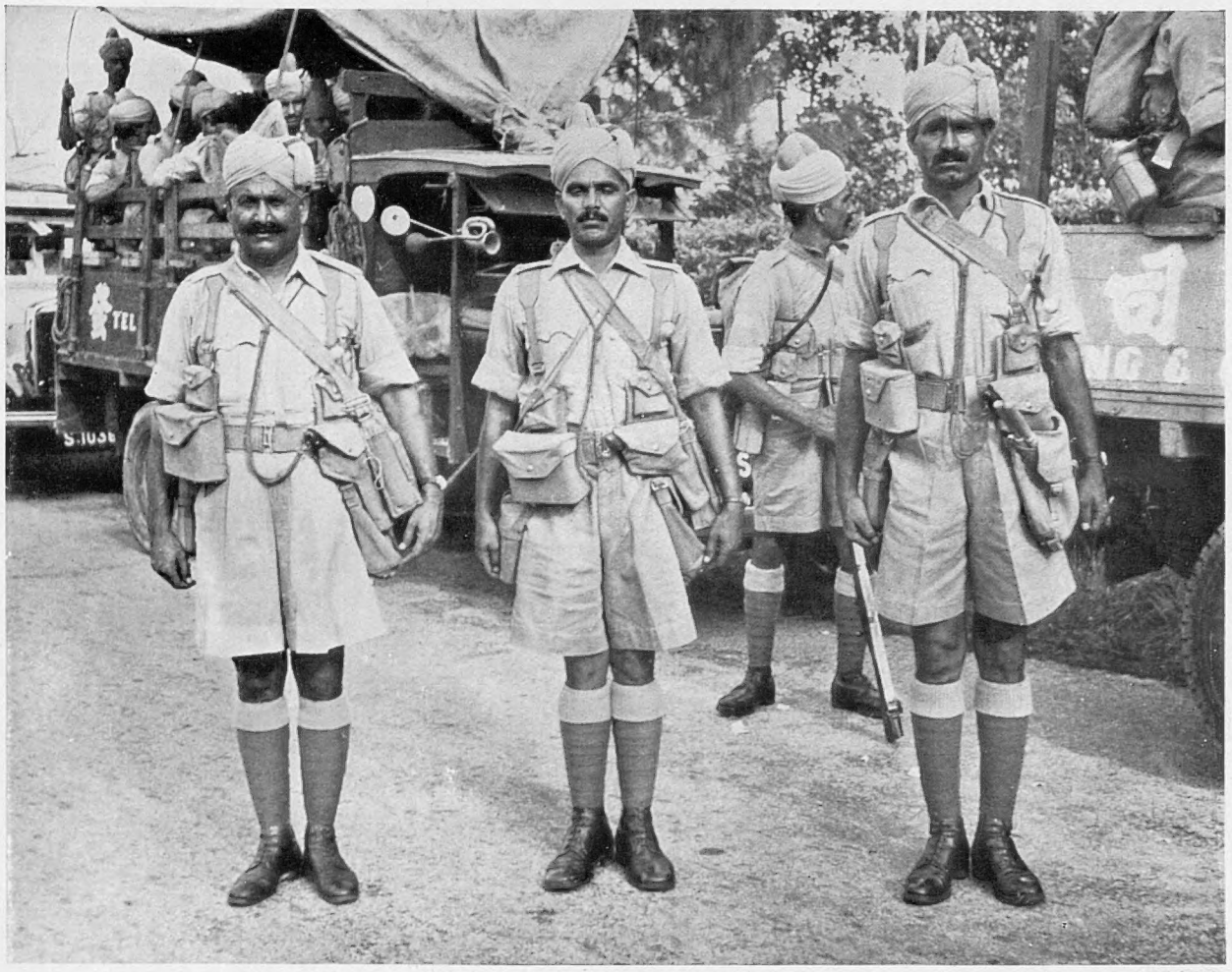


EXPLAINING THE POSITION: Major F. H. Vinden, a member of Major-General Dobbie's staff, describing the plan of the manœuvres to the Yang Di-pertuan Besar, ruler of Negri Sembilan. His Highness succeeded his father in 1933 and is one of Malaya's most enlightened rulers. He was educated at the Malay College, Kuala Kangsar, and entered the Government Service as a Malay Officer (Administrative Branch) in 1921. From 1925 to 1928 he read for the Bar at the Inner Temple and was called in November, 1928. His fellow ruler, the Sultan of Johore, takes an equally keen interest in Imperial Defence and in 1935 his State gave £500,000, in commemoration of the jubilee of King George V, to expedite work on the Singapore base. The Malay States, as a whole, have also contributed generously

OM THE SEA

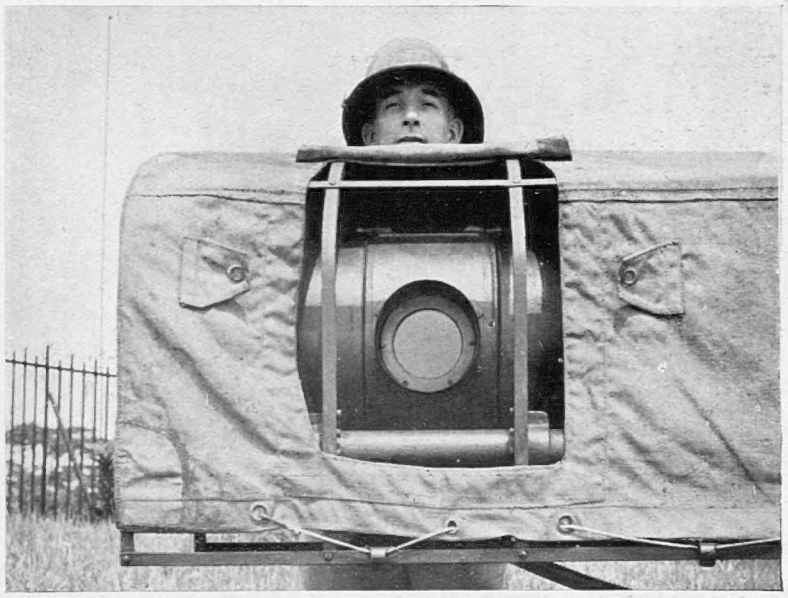
the Opening of the New Naval Base



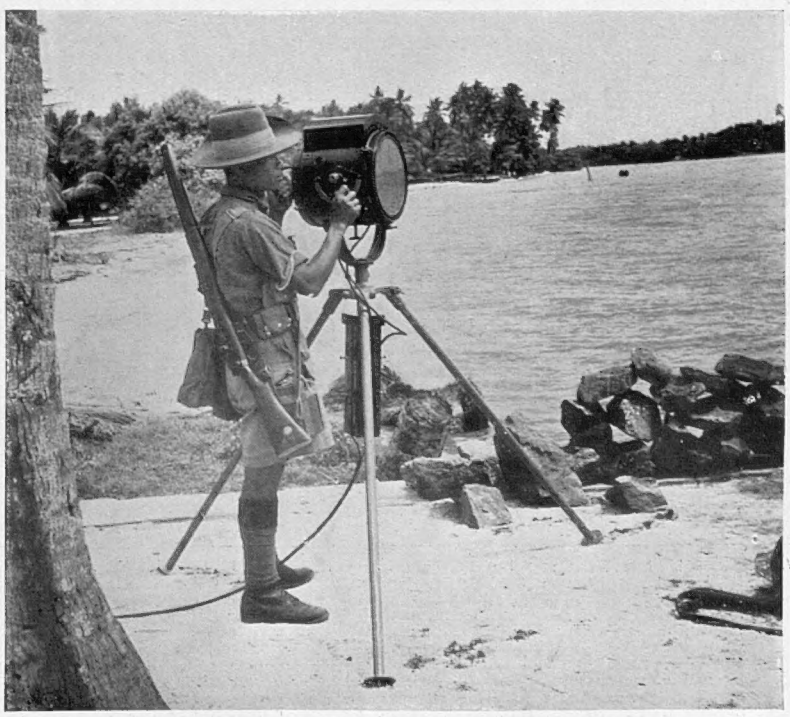


INDIAN OFFICERS OF THE PUNJAB REGIMENT pictured as they were about to set off in lorries to man a danger point. The island's defence in the manœuvres was conducted by Major-General W. G. S. Dobbie, General Officer Commanding Troops in Malaya, who had 10,000 men at his disposal and 110 planes

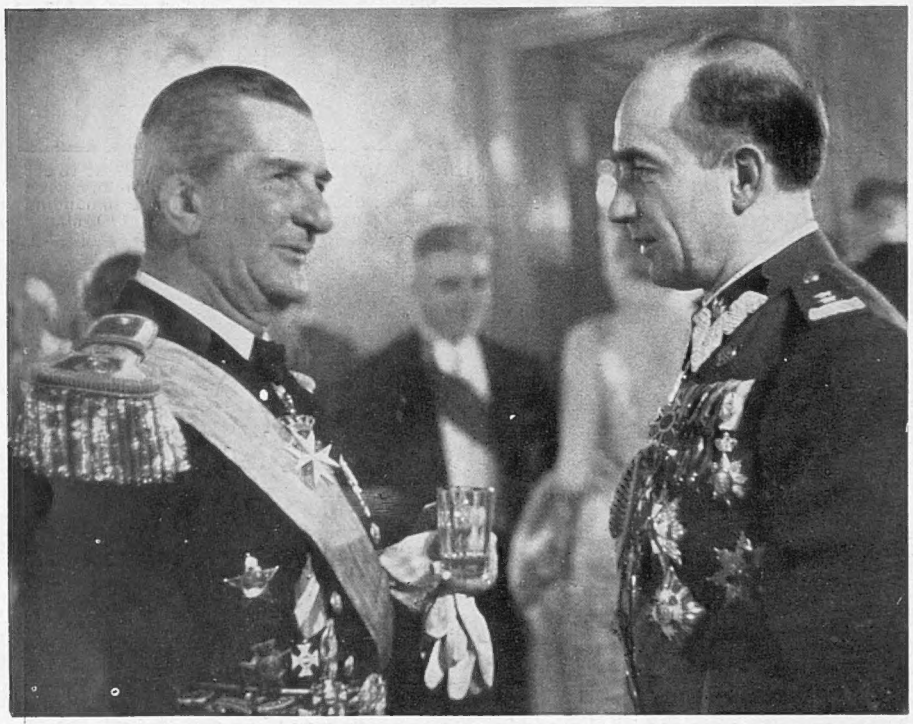
ISLAND GUARDIANS: *Above and below*—Lorry loads of men of the 1st Battalion, Inniskilling Fusiliers, arriving at a threatened point to which they had been summoned by wireless when it appeared that a naval landing might be attempted. Several landings were effected during the course of the exercises, but the attackers were finally driven off



THE EYES OF THE ARMY: *Above and below*—Two types of signalling apparatus used by the defenders of Singapore who gave a fine display of efficiency in beating off the well conceived attacks by the warships under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Ramsay, Commander-in-Chief, East Indies

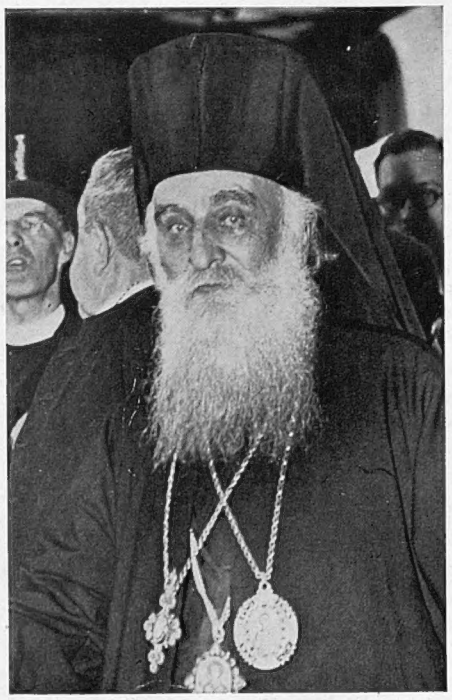


A THOUSAND YEARS OF UNBROKEN FRIENDSHIP have existed between the Polish and Hungarian peoples, so it was natural that Admiral Horthy, the Prince Regent of Hungary, should have received a very special welcome when he recently paid a State visit to Poland. This picture was taken in the Warvel Palace at Cracow during the reception held in his honour, and shows picturesque Hungarian dress (towards left) and Cracow dress (towards right) worn by two of the men guests. The kilim adorning the wall has an interesting history, having been brought home from the Turkish wars by John Sobieski, King of Poland



SAILOR AND SOLDIER: Admiral Horthy, Prince Regent of Hungary, in conversation with General Tadenzy Kasprzycki, Polish Minister for War, at the reception held at the Warvel Palace, Cracow, in honour of the Hungarian visit which has done much to cement ties of friendship

A CHURCH MILITANT: The Metropolitan Dositej, head of the Serbian Orthodox Church in Yugoslavia, conducting a requiem mass for his predecessor. The Metropolitan and his colleagues would seem to have won a victory over the Government in that they have not only forced the temporary abandonment of Yugoslavia's concordat with the Vatican, but secured the punishment of the officials held responsible



RUMANIA'S PRIESTLY PREMIER: Patriarch Miron Cristea, sixty-five-year-old church leader, whom King Carol has called upon to head the new Government succeeding that of M. Octavius Goga, the anti-semitic, semi-fascist leader. The Cabinet now contains seven ex-premiers, but the real power rests in the hands of the King who, to quote his own words, has "resolved on heroic measures to save the country"

HITLER AND SCHUSCHNIGG MEET AT BERCHTESGADEN

The Führer's Bavarian Mountain Home Provides The Setting For Another Vital Act in the Austro-German Drama

LAST week-end another act in the Austro-German drama was staged at Berchtesgaden, Herr Hitler's Bavarian mountain châlet, where so many momentous decisions are taken.

Herr Hitler, having just emerged from the internal German crisis, which he settled by compromising between the Nazi Party and the Army, invited Dr. Schuschnigg, the Austrian Chancellor, to come to Berchtesgaden and have a talk with him.

The internal German crisis had necessitated the postponement of the Führer's special Reichstag speech until next Sunday. An external success—and not merely an explanation of the settlement of the internal crisis—was wanted for the speech. A bid was made for such a success through an attempt to settle the Austro-German question. The idea was Herr von Papen's, the German Minister at Vienna, lately fallen from favour and hoping by such a settlement to regain his prestige with Herr Hitler.

A new agreement, in extension of the Austro-German Agreement of July 11, 1936, was drafted at Berchtesgaden. In this agreement Austria makes certain concessions internally to Herr Hitler's wishes, in return for which the latter agrees to reaffirm his recognition of Austria's independence and promises that German Nazis shall not interfere in Austria's internal affairs.

By C. F. MELVILLE

The internal concessions give the Austrian National Opposition (which means the moderate Nazis) the right to have the same freedom of expression of their ideas, within the Government organisation known as the Fatherland Front, as that at present enjoyed by the Austrian Monarchists. But the Nazis, as a party, are still to be forbidden.

Herr Hitler also wanted some Nazis to be introduced into the Austrian Cabinet. Dr. Schuschnigg at first refused this, but expressed willingness that Dr. Seyss-Inquart, a Pronounced National (i.e., moderate Nazi), then a Conciliation Commissioner within the Fatherland Front, should have the Ministry of Home Affairs.

It was difficult, at first, to see what was the concession in this, as the Home Office was already held by a Pronounced National in the person of General Glaise-Horstenau.

Herr Hitler wanted Dr. Seyss-Inquart to have control also of the Security Department, which controls the police. Dr. Schuschnigg refused this request at first, but two days later, under extreme pressure, he was forced to give in and in doing so brought the complete Nazification of Austria another step nearer realisation.

In the realm of external affairs Dr. Schuschnigg successfully resisted Herr Hitler's demands that Austria should join the Berlin–Rome–Tokio Anti-Comintern Pact (Austria's Ministers in London and Paris having already informed the British and French Governments that no change in Austrian foreign policy is contemplated).

Signor Mussolini was privy to all these moves but, it would seem, was powerless in Hitler's hands, having to forfeit the reality of his domination of Austrian affairs in order to pay the price of Nazi support for his Mediterranean dreams.

In Austria, there are many kinds of Nazis, ranging from moderate "nationally minded" men like Dr. Seyss-Inquart, to the Radical Nazis around Captain Leopold. Captain Leopold and his friends enjoy the confidence of Herr Hitler. Dr. Schuschnigg will have nothing to do with him, and it is believed that he is now to be given a post in Germany. Dr. Seyss-Inquart, however, enjoys the confidence both of Herr Hitler and Dr. Schuschnigg. He has for many years played a leading part in efforts to compose Austro-German differences.

I recently met Dr. Seyss-Inquart at an informal Press gathering in Vienna and noted his diplomatic manner, calculated to give offence to neither side.

MAN OF THE MOMENT: Dr. von Seyss-Inquart appointed Minister of the Interior and Security in the new Austrian cab net, thus having complete control of the police force

THE SNOW'S MIGHTY GRIP: These two engines, the foremost of which was equipped with a V-type plough, became stranded in a drift at Ford River, Michigan, when making an attempt to clear the main line of the Chicago and North West Railroad. They hit the drift at approximately 50 m.p.h., but succeeded in travelling only a hundred yards through the tightly packed snow

AMERICANA

The Camera Records Strange Facets of Life in the U.S.

MIDGET MAN AND HIS BIG BRIDE: 3 ft. 7 ins. Billy Curtis placing the ring on the finger of 6 ft. 4½ ins. Lois de Fee when they were married recently on the palm fringed shore at Miami, Florida. Lois, it is reported, has since been sued by a third party for the alienation of her husband's affections

QUEER GOINGS ON! Mark Silverman (second from right) handcuffed to his sister-in-law, Rebecca, as they and his brother, Joe, (left) were brought out of San Gabriel Canyon, near Los Angeles, by deputy sheriffs who found them after a widespread search that followed the complaint of another sister-in-law that Mark had terrorised the entire family for four months and had forced them to live like animals in the canyon after announcing that he was the "Messiah." Silverman denied that he was anything but a free-thinker, but was taken to the psychopathic ward of the Los Angeles General Hospital for examination. Rebecca and Joe called the entire proceeding a "lark"

SACRILEGE: Deputy Sheriff E. W. Roach who, incidentally, forgot to remove his hat, surveying the wreckage in the Greek Orthodox Church at Phœnix, Arizona, after two seven-year-old boys had invaded the place and left it a shambles. Their sole motive, it appears, was "to break things for fun"

DUAL KILLING: In a grave beneath this fallen tree in the snow-covered woods near Spooner, Wisconsin, were found the bodies of Charles S. Ross, a wealthy Chicagoan, and James Gray. Gray was a confederate of Peter Anders who murdered both the men, the former for his money and the latter in order to avoid splitting the ransom

SHANGHAI'S ORDEAL:

The International Settlement, After Living Dangerously in the Midst of Raging Hostilities By Land, Water, and Air, Is Now Condemned to Tread More Delicately Than Agag in the Effort to Preserve Its Individuality

BY EDWIN HAWARD

FARES for passengers in the buses and tramways of the International Settlement of Shanghai—the operation of each is in the hands of a British company—have now to be collected in yen. Foreigners who desire to return for residence in Hongkew, that part of the Settlement which has been occupied by the Japanese military, together with Yangtsezepoo, have to register their servants with the Japanese authorities, comply with various restrictions in their domestic arrangements, including a curfew from 10 p.m. to 5 a.m. An official order insists that they shall "respect the sentry on duty at Garden Bridge and other points." The prescribed procedure indicates "a gentle bow and wishing him a polite good morning," for "Foreigners must realise that the Japanese soldier doing such duty represents the Emperor of Japan." The notice then turns from etiquette to sociability. The text is given in the panel here:—

Thus is the Japonification of Shanghai proceeding. When the Chinese forces had shot their bolt—and an heroic shot too—and the Japanese army after three months' fighting ringed Shanghai, the Chinese municipal area which surrounds the foreign municipalities known as the French Concession and the International (more properly the Foreign) Settlement came under Japanese military control which, as already noted, had also occupied the parts of the Settlement comprised by Hongkew and Yangtsezepoo.

Adjacent to the western district of the Settlement was certain Chinese territory into which the Settlement authorities had penetrated owing to the expansion of the population. On these "outside roads" many foreigners lived, and their houses, after being evacuated during the fighting, came within the Japanese area of occupation. As the Japanese are also partners in the government of the Settlement the transfer of authority from the Chinese to the Japanese army came to be a matter of considerable importance and concern.

The victors claimed the rights previously vested in Chinese sovereignty. Thus in a great measure foreigners became sub-tenants. The French Concession and the Settlement were, as it were, interned by Japanese armed might. The French administration, directly under French consular control, although otherwise standing in the same relation to Chinese sovereignty as the Settlement, could not be so specifically subject to Japanese orders.

The combination of circumstances which gave the Japanese a share in the Settlement's government and, by the fortune of war, possession of territory nominally belonging to the Settlement made the position of the Shanghai Municipal Council, for long the Constitutional authority of the International Settlement, exceedingly delicate.

It could not oppose the decision of the Japanese to stage their victory march through the Settlement, for the Japanese shared with British, Americans, and Italians the right to parade their troops in the Settlement's streets. It endeavoured to persuade the Japanese that such a proceeding was dangerously provocative. Its views were shared by the Japanese consular officials, by old Japanese residents and, it is even whispered, by General Matsui himself, but the exuberance of the younger Japanese officers insisted. In the event General Matsui paid tribute to the council's splendid police control, but that did not deter his hotheads from attempting to exploit a bomb outrage for the purpose of occupying the heart of the Settlement. By tactful police diplomacy they were ultimately, to the relief of all concerned, persuaded to depart in municipal lorries to their proper headquarters.

So Shanghai, after living dangerously in the midst of raging hostilities by land, water, and air, is now condemned to tread more delicately than Agag in the effort to preserve its individuality and yet please its importunate mentors. British and other foreign residents, inured to the technique of "carrying on" in adversity, are not likely to be unnerved. They can find their way out but they have to contend with all kinds of restrictions, to be alert in avoiding offence, and to be philosophical as they face the problem of complete isolation from the hinterland whence the life-blood of their trade comes. Shanghai is living on its fat and it is not enough to provide sustenance for a sorely-shattered city which has had to take under its wing something like 1,000,000 refugees in varying but progressively deteriorating stages of destitution.

Some British firms have already gone under. Others have cut their losses and left with a little saved from the wreckage. Others are manfully carrying on, adapting themselves to the unexpected requirements of hostilities, and some are actually making quick profits for the time being.

General Matsui thundered at first, but then gave way to remonstrance. His menaces were for purpose of record. They pointed a goal toward which he was not disposed too precipitately to press. The Municipal Council bent over backwards in meeting his demands for suppression of Chinese hostility by word or action. Chinese residents—over 3,000,000 in the whole Trinity of Shanghai—displayed commonsense and readiness to co-operate with the Council, for they appreciated the value of the Settlement if it could by any chance maintain its foreign character without too much Japonification.

The police have had a difficult task, for it was not to be expected that all Chinese activities in sympathy with the defeated armies would automatically cease. Moreover armed robbers and other miscreants would find the opportunity of fishing in troubled waters too fascinating for resistance. It seems that, so far, the Council has kept its authority reasonably intact. It has wisely recognised the right of the Japanese to assume functions previously claimed, if not fully exercised, by the Chinese Government. This is embarrassing to the British and their fellow foreigners, for they have to submit to censorship which, in the hands of Japanese militarism, is no less irksome than elsewhere. It may even have special asperities to match the sublime naïveté of the regulations already quoted.

Generally, the Japanese will see that their own nationals have considerable freedom from trade restrictions—it is clear that Japanese imports into Shanghai are not troubled by Customs duties—and that other folk are in no doubt of the grace which they have to seek for continuance in their Shanghai occasions, lawful or otherwise.

A troublesome fly in the ointment is the apparent inability of the Japanese supreme command to answer for the good behaviour of all its troops. Some Japanese units maintain the best traditions of discipline and conduct. Notably the regiments charged to clear Pootung were humane, considerate, and friendly. Those who occupied Chapei, and, later, Hungjao, were sadly different, as recent cables have admitted. In fact, long before the Chinese were put to flight, Japanese soldiers had been responsible for some sorry work in Yangtszepoo. Reticence was observed in the interests of other potential victims and, perhaps, for less reputable reasons.

It is hoped that before long, impressed by the effect of the revelations from Nanking, the Japanese authorwill be able to bring their delinquents to heel. Visiting a Chinese occupied area just before I left Shanghai in December, I was struck by the cheery way in which a Japanese sentry was playing with some Chinese children. I drew attention to it but my foreign guide shook his head. "This regiment is all right," he said, "but it is quite on the cards that another will come along and if those children think they can play with the sentry then they may have a rude shock."

Shanghai has a quaint habit of following Cicely Courtneidge in looking on the bright side. It will carry many a Shanghai-lander through difficulties under which other people would collapse. The Japanese will find that the Settlement is not unreasonable. Thanks to the good civic traditions which have been established by Japanese residents of the old school, there is no deep-rooted antagonism to them although the arrogance of the "ronins" has unhappily dimmed that record.

The Council has shown receptiveness of practical plans for giving the Japanese their fair share in the Settlement's Government. It has to stop short of arbitrary appointments which might paralyse a system resting more vitally than ever on Sino-British co-operation under American leadership. So, when people in England think of the present plight of Shanghai, let them not be over-anxious about Japanese penetration—that must be making itself sorely felt in all conscience—but let them salute the fortitude and doggedness of their compatriots who, with Americans, Germans, Italians, Russians, and other nationalities, are carrying on and making the best of a bad job.

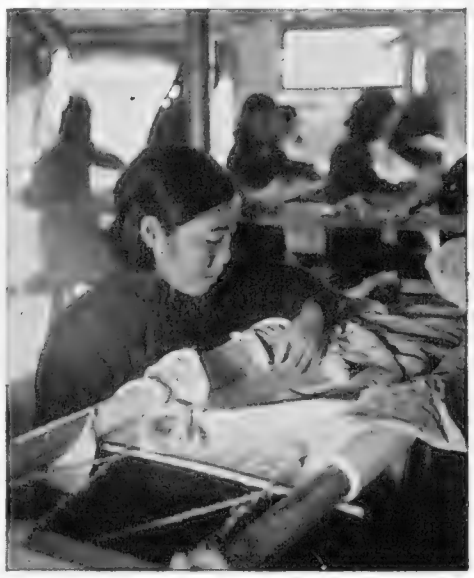
Even now the longest bar in the world is still "doing its stuff" and the Shanghai-lander lightens his dark moods by ecstatic delight at the dolefulness of some of London's pictures of his plight. Meanwhile he or she recognises the realities of distress among foreigners and Chinese, and quietly, without fuss or nonsense proceeds to the task of bringing such relief as can be brought either from the now dismally strained local resources or from discerning and practical sympathy overseas.

AFTER BATTLE

These extraordinarily naive official notices have lately been issued by the Japanese authorities in Shanghai. What exact construction is to be placed on them readers must decide for themselves.

Special passes will be issued to those having Japanese friends and it is hoped that everyone wishing to live in Hongkew will make friends with the Japanese. Japanese ladies, 150 from the Tokyo High School, well-versed in English, are now in Shanghai for the sole purpose of being better acquainted with Foreigners. Further details regarding interviews, etc., with those ladies will be furnished at the Japanese Club in the office of the Secretary to the Commander of the Naval Fleet in Shanghai.

In the event of Foreigners wishing to employ Japanese maid-servants (nei sans) they are requested to make application to the Garrison Commander at the Japanese Club as soon as possible as there are a limited number of nei sans. Bachelors need not apply. All single men will be supplied with mates as soon as facts are known. Married men applying for nei sans must first obtain the consent of their wives.



NEW HOPE FOR SHANGHAI'S REFUGEES: A cotton spinning class in progress (*left*) and an embroidery class at work (*right*) at one of the camps where the city's destitute are being taught new crafts to equip them to earn a livelihood. Much of the money to finance this important rehabilitation work has been provided by the contributors to the Lord Mayor's Fund in London

EUROPEAN SURVEY

Blackshirts Adopt the Goose Step and Call it the Passo Romano: An Ambassador as a Ju-Jitsu Expert: A Rhenish Carnival in Berlin: Exiled Russian Writer Killed in Sofia

POTSDAM FASHION: Men of the Blackshirt militia marching through Rome during their anniversary parade when they tried out the goose-step in public for the first time. They call it the "passo Romano" and, judging by the pained expressions of some of them, they find its execution far from easy. The Germans, who are experienced in the art, seldom goose-step more than a quarter of a mile at a time

DIPLOMATIC SUBTLETIES: Mr. Sugimura (facing camera), Japanese Ambassador in Paris, wrestling with Professor Kawaishi, founder of the Franco-Japanese Ju-Jitsu Club, at a recent gathering of the members. The Ambassador, who is well over fifty, twice succeeded in throwing his opponent

ELEPHANT GIRL: This false-bearded girl in the queerly padded dress won first prize—an elephant—in a juvenile contest at the Cirque Medrano, Paris. One of the conditions was that she had to lead the elephant home, but the sagacious fellow knew better and would not leave the ring

KING ZOG OF ALBANIA AND HIS BRIDE TO BE: The first picture of His Majesty with Countess Geraldine Apponyi, daughter of the late Count Julius Apponyi, a court figure in the days of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. On their betrothal it was announced that the marriage was dependent on Papal consent

GERMANY'S SOCIAL LIFE PROCEEDS ON ITS WAY undisturbed by the alarming trend of political events. A picture taken of the top table in the great Marble Hall at Berlin's Zoo during the elaborate Rhenish Carnival staged there by the "Strength Through Joy" organisation

AGENTS OF THE SOVIET SECRET POLICE are suspected of being responsible for the wrecking of this room in the Sofia home of Ivan Solonevitsch, a Russian exile in Bulgaria whose critical political writings are believed to have given deep offence to Stalin's regime. Solonevitsch was killed in the explosion and his wife injured

SOUTH CHINA'S POPULOUS CAPITAL: A fine panoramic
waters of the Chukiang, against which the Japanese
Quite a large proportion of Canton's million population
thronging round the clock-towered Customs buildin

CANTON: THE NEXT OBJECTIVE?

An Impression of the Mighty City of Kwantung Province to which Japan is Turning her Attention

While the Chinese resistance in the area between Nanking and Peiping has of late stiffened slightly, the Japanese have, none the less, continued to make progress. The invaders have also turned their attention to the south once again, and their bombers have been reported in action in the vicinity of Canton, China's great city and river port. It has been stated that these activities were designed as a diversion to prevent Cantonese troops from reinforcing the Chinese on the northern fronts, but the authorities in Canton have not taken this view entirely, and have been anticipating a major attack. On February 4 there were wild rumours of an attempted coup d'état in Canton, organised by Japanese agents against the Kwantung Government, but it later became apparent that they were largely unfounded.

In the following article a "Sphere" correspondent gives an eye-witness impression of the city, and on the next page is an account of political trends in the South where the people have always been much more violently anti-Japanese than in the North.

THE train that leaves for Canton from the well-ordered station at Kowloon is of the ordinary corridor type and until the frontier of the New Territory leased to Great Britain in 1898 is reached, there is little to remark beyond the beauty of the lofty hills that embrace a deeply penetrating arm of the sea. At the first frontier station, however, the train is boarded by an armed guard of khaki-clad Chinese soldiers, young, and short like the rifles they carry. Tied to their belts they usually display bombs of the familiar Mills type, and the fact that they are attached to the belts with string in a curiously insecure fashion does not increase the passenger's sense of confidence. South China it must be remembered has been enduring the misery and stress of prolonged civil war and for some years has been greatly disturbed by Communist propaganda.

A DANGEROUSLY CONSPICUOUS LAND-MARK FOR JAPANESE AIRMEN: Canton's famous globular water-tower which stands in a dominating position on the heights above the city

On arriving at Canton the contrast with the beginning of the journey at the British end of the railway is remarkable. The station building is structurally what would be expected in view of the fact that the line was built by a British company but the new arrival who is ignorant of the Chinese language written or spoken is disconcerted to find himself in the midst of a seething crowd with nowhere a notice in English or indeed in any European tongue.

Discovering that there is no inquiry bureau and no interpreter the unhappy visitor struggles through the moving mass of men, women, and children and, having given up his ticket at a barrier, emerges into a similar turmoil outside. In the extensive open space dozens of rickshaws are offered and on hearing the word Shameen one of the strong youths who pull them is soon trotting the stranger towards the foreign concession.

No picturesque gateway greets him for the old city walls and their gates were demolished and the space they occupied converted into boulevards in 1921. Instead he soon finds that the route his rickshaw runner is taking him leads along a wide and very new tramway-traversed street whose rawness is without a touch of picturesqueness. Hundreds of long and narrow streets composed of houses of two storeys typical of old Canton have been hacked through and the healing process is a slow one.

On reaching the more central portion of the city modern buildings of stone become numerous and there are shops, stores, offices and warehouses with the footways in front of them crowded with a population that thrives on a vast import and export trade.

When the river is reached further signs of modernisation are apparent, for a new bund comparable with those of Shanghai or Hankow has been constructed along the water front and the imposing stone façade of the Customs House is flanked by other buildings of European design. A few hundred yards northward from this point the roadway passes along the side of the canal that separates the city from the island known as the Sha-meen or "Sand-flats". As the name suggests this is an island produced from a mudflat.

After the riots in 1856, when the foreign "factories" (warehouses and offices) had been destroyed by a Chinese mob, Canton was occupied by a British expeditionary force, and at the evacuation arranged in 1861 it was decided that the foreign concession should be formed by surrounding with a granite embankment, an oblong strip of sand on the shores of the Pearl River. On crossing one of the bridges over the canal one is allowed to enter by a British or French military guard, and immediately discovers that a haven of peace and order has been reached. It would be hard to find a greater contrast unless one compares Fleet Street immediately after the passing of the Lord Mayor's Show with the closely-guarded solitudes of the Temple Gardens and courts.

The central space running the whole length of the Shameen is occupied by cool, tree-shaded gardens where the children of the foreign concession are taken to play by their amahs. Facing the canal and the river are the British and French consulates, banks, offices, hotels, and post office, most of them dignified buildings in the Victorian style, sentries and barbed wire entanglements to prevent the entry of all Chinese except those who have business in the island, a restriction that has created an oasis of peace in a city of probably more than 2,000,000 that seethe and surge through the streets after the fashion of a disturbed ants' nest.

Owing to the fact that the old streets of Canton are paved, the city is cleaner and healthier than the majority of Chinese towns. It is curious that in the numerous provision shops milk, butter and cheese are conspicuously absent for these staple items of the Western world do not form a part of the Chinese dietary. The numerous provision shops and the markets display cats, dogs, horsemeat, the edible variety of birds' nests and quantities of poultry.

G. H.

WHERE A VAST POPULATION IS CONGREGATED IN A SMALL
wards the hills. It was the last Chinese city to be
the country, and has for centuries had the reputa

IMMUNE SHAMEEN

The Canton Foreign Settlement

view of Canton, the city lying astride the shallow
have once again been launching bombing attacks.
lives in boats, not a few of which can be seen
situated towards the left of the above picture

CHINA'S ANTI-JAPANESE SOUTHLAND

Canton, Always the Centre of Resistance to Alien Influence and a Stronghold of Ardent Nationalism

SOUTH CHINA, dominated by the city of Canton, has for hundreds of years had the reputation of being hard to conquer and hard to hold. It has stoutly defended its borders against alien invasion, and it has as stoutly from time to time risen in revolt against the Central Government.

In the seventeenth century the invader was the Manchu; to-day it is Japan.

Contemporary historians of the Manchu conquest of China record that the three southern provinces, Fukien, Canton (Kwantung), and Kwangsi, were the last to be conquered, "But it was more difficult to subdue these three than all the rest." Even after Canton was captured in 1647, the Manchu rulers were harassed for twenty years by Chinese corsairs under the command of the famous Koxinga, ex-Admiral of the Canton fleet.

As the South was last to yield, so it was first to rebel. The revolution of 1911 had been fostered for many years in Canton before it finally succeeded in overthrowing the Manchu dynasty. From Canton the rebel armies marched northward and, following their successes, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, chief fomenter of the revolution, went from Canton to Nanking to establish the capital of the new Republic. To Canton he retired again to plan another revolution when events proved that the Republic had been betrayed by the reactionary war lords of the north. It was from Canton that General Chiang Kai-Shek, appointed to the command by Dr. Sun, led the rebel southern army to Peiping in 1926 for the conquest of these war lords. By the help of the South he established the Kuomintang regime at Nanking. And against him, in his turn, the South has more than once threatened revolt.

It is the South, more than the North, that has in recent years fanned the flame of anti-Japanese feeling, in spite of the fact that it is the North that has been most imposed upon by Japan. In this connection it is interesting to note that 300 years ago, immediately after the Manchu conquest, the Cantonese tried to instigate war against Japan.

The southerners of that day were, as now, the chief mariners and traders of China; indeed, at that time Cantonese junks were the greatest merchantmen of the Far East. They sailed north to Korea, east to Japan, south to Cochin-China, Cambodia, Siam, Macasser, Sumatra, and Java. But when it became known abroad that China had been conquered by the Manchus, the foreign nations, especially the Japanese, began to treat Chinese traders with great cruelty.

A Spanish statesman of that period, compiling a history from records sent to him by Spaniards in China, ascribes the cause of Japan's cruelty to Japanese fear that the Manchus, having conquered China, would proceed to attack Japan. They were by their cruel treatment of the merchants, he says, punishing the Chinese for having allowed the Manchus to gain supremacy on the mainland. This seems a curious foreshadowing of the present situation in the Far East.

According to this contemporary historian, the Manchus were angered by Japan's treatment of Chinese mariners and merchants, and threatened to go to Japan to revenge them. This threat was strongly backed by the Cantonese. "The two Viceroys of Canton, who were more particularly offended that the Japanners should thus insult their countrymen, had a great mind not to let it rest thus, but to carry their resentment further, but they could not of themselves make any attempt upon that State." And evidently they could not prevail upon the Manchu Emperor to pursue the plan, so nothing came of it.

This seventeenth-century effort by Canton to push China into war with Japan is another foreshadowing of recent history. In the summer of 1936, just a year before the outbreak of present Sino-Japanese hostilities, South China, led by Canton, threatened civil war unless the Nanking Government stiffened its resistance to Japanese aggression. Armies were put on the march, and the southern provinces declared war on Japan, hoping that the nation would follow them.

For several months this revolt threatened the peace of Eastern Asia. There were rumours that it was Japanese-inspired in order to distract attention from Japan's predatory invasion of North China and to weaken China by disruption. Other rumours said that Japan was offering General Chiang Kai-Shek aid against the rebels. Time has proved that the motives for the rebellion, like those of most movements, were mixed. There was much genuine patriotism, and there was, it is alleged, personal ambition on the part of Canton's "Old Marshal" Chen Chi-tang to supersede General Chiang as leader of China's forces.

Indirectly the rebellion achieved its object, its immediate result, however, was a strengthening of the central authority. Nanking replied to the rebels by sending armies to the Kwangsi and Kwantung borders. General Chiang Kai-Shek declared that the southern army must subordinate itself to the national command. The Cantonese air force deserted to Nanking. Canton thereupon accepted its defeat and allowed General Chiang Kai-Shek to remove Marshal Chen Chi-tang and to put a Central Government man in his place as commander of the Kwantung army. For the first time since the Nanking regime was established in 1927, Kwantung Province acknowledged the authority of the Central Government.

Thus the rebellion of South China brought about the greatest single act of unification in the recent history of China. And upon the heels of this achievement came the war that the South had tried to instigate.

Whether by accident, or by Japanese policy, or as a result of irrepressible Chinese patriotism, the unification of North and South seemed the signal for "incidents" all over China: at Fengtai, at Hankow, at Shanghai, at Chengtu. The Chinese Government struggled to curb anti-Japanese sentiment, and made concessions after every Japanese threat. In September 1936 war between China and Japan seemed imminent.

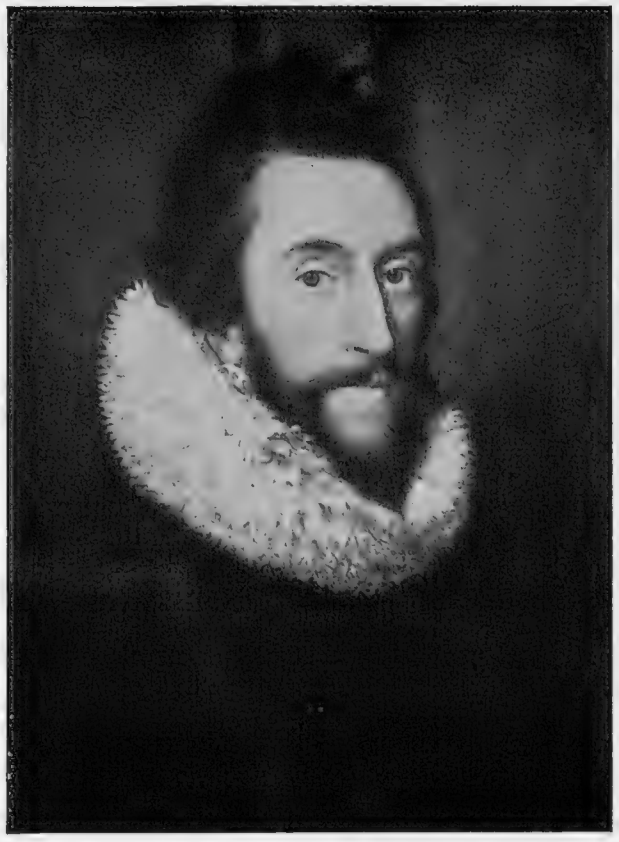
With foreknowledge of this danger, the Japanese militarists in North China sent their troops to carry out realistic manœuvres at Liukiwchiao, near Peiping, on the night of July 8, 1937,—and the whole Far East was set aflame. South China had its desire at last: national resistance to Japan.

F. E. D.

AREA: A general view of Canton looking to-
subdued by the Manchus when they overran
tion of being hard to conquer and hard to hold

Another panoramic view of Canton (an extension of that reproduced at the head of this page) showing the spreading river and the wooded island of Shameen. This is the foreign settlement, where all the consulates are situated, and it is divided off from the city proper by a canal. Up to now the Japanese bombers have wisely avoided Shameen

AN ELIZABETHAN RUFFLE obviously pleased the elderly Martin Ruze more than the new fangled collar styles which came into vogue in his day. This detail is taken from a portrait by Frans Pourbus and is one of many of interest from the fashion viewpoint in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 17th-Century Art



FINELY WORKED POINT-LACE decorated the many layered collars so fashionable during James I's reign, and here Daniel Mytens' realistic treatment of the lacy detail is almost rivals Van Dyck's capacity in this direction. The Shakespearean curl of hair and beard was not often seen after 1618

DELICATE, TRANSPARENT, AND LACED COLLARS were no unusual sight in conjunction with armour during the seventeenth century. By this time armour as a protection had lost much of its usefulness with the introduction of firearms, and it was donned rather for show than for actual combat

THE UNTIDY HAIR AND STRAGGLING BEARD in the portrait of "A Comedian of Antwerp" is strangely at variance with the English fashion of the time which favoured neatly-trimmed beards and waxed moustaches. Full, soft collars of this type were worn a great deal by actors of the early seventeenth century

THIS TURNED DOWN RUFFLED COLLAR had a short-lived vogue as probably the general inclination towards longer hair promoted the use of a softer and considerably less restricting form of neck covering. A long "bob" with a fringe was a very popular fashion amongst the youth of the 17th century

PAINTING

MASCULINE FASHIONS IN THE 17TH CENTURY

As Revealed in the Exhibition of European Art at Burlington House

NATURAL HAIR WITH A CENTRE PARTING is here worn fluffed and brushed into a thick mass resting on the shoulders. This fashion was very prevalent during the middle of the century. The severely simple linen collar was a visible sign of Parliamentarian views

In recent issues "The Sphere" has published certain portraits in the R.A. Exhibition with the object of showing the various quaint styles of footwear and of feminine coiffure of the period. Now we follow this up with more details of canvases from the same exhibition. These are of particular interest for the manner in which they epitomise masculine hairdressing and neckwear fashions at the same time.

MUCH time and trouble were expended in the interesting problem of masculine neckwear throughout the seventeenth century, and an extraordinary variety of styles made their appearance.

The gigantic Elizabethan ruffle gave place to a profusely laced layer of frills, or a high arching collar in the Medici style. Numerous experiments in smaller shapes, all decorated with their share of fine lace, were substituted, at the beginning of Charles I's reign, by the now well-known Van Dyck collar. This Van Dyck collar was so named as a compliment to the artist's beautiful and competent rendering of elegant lace.

The brief period under the Protector was symbolised by a very few worthy gentlemen appearing in quiet linen collars, but the passion for lace hardly diminished before it once more decorated every manly throat and chest with redoubled magnificence in the long fronted collars of the Restoration. During the seventies the lace cravat arrived upon the scene, and after numerous experiments in the nature of length, width, and ornamentation, became the established neckwear for a hundred years or more.

Hair also went through many changes of style, all of which, with the exception of the be-ribboned Cavalier, can be seen in this collection of portraits. The short cut with the upstanding locks in front had its adherents until the late twenties, although long hair and love locks were more often worn. The thirties and forties favoured a shoulder length style, often with a rather untidy fringe, but the really dashing young man of the time preferred to wear his hair curled and fluffed, with the ends of his curls often adorned with bows of ribbon in the French style.

No summary of seventeenth-century hairdressing is complete without some mention of the "Roundhead"—but the cropped heads of the Parliamentarians was a very temporary style, and contemporary records mention that if anyone had seen "Roundheads" even a couple of years after their first heated demonstration, it would have been impossible to see the reason for the name.

I. B.

HIS CROWNING GLORY: Jan de Bray, here seen in a self portrait, preferred to wear his own hair, and as he was obviously well supplied in this particular he succeeded in making as much show as his well wigged contemporaries

A GREAT RUBENS MASTERPIECE:

A Giant Canvas Built up by many Hands, each Expert in His Own Line

Specially drawn for THE SPHERE *by D. Macpherson*

MANY HANDS: Visitors to the Royal Academy Exhibition of Seventeenth-Century European Art have marvelled at the prolific, flamboyant genius of Rubens, that Flemish master of amazing industry, to whom are credited about 1,250 authentic works. This drawing, specially made for "The Sphere," in part explains the immensity of output, for it shows Rubens directing his assistants in the vast studio during the painting of his picture of the Duke of Buckingham on horseback.

A number of assistants, each skilled in a particular type of work, helped to build up the picture, and the master himself added the vital touches at the finish, co-ordinating the whole by the magic of his brush. The Rubens establishment, in which such great painters as Van Dyck and Jordaens were at one time employed, had indeed much the nature of a film studio with Rubens himself in the role of producer. R. H. Wilenski, the noted writer on art subjects, describes the process in detail below

By R. H. WILENSKI

IN four years 1622—1625 Rubens painted the twenty huge pictures, one 23 ft. by 13 ft., and the rest 13 ft. by 9 ft., of the "Marie de Medici" series (now in the Louvre), the equally huge "Adoration of the Magi" the masterpiece of his whole career (now in the Antwerp museum), a number of very fine portraits, and the portrait-fantasia "The Duke of Buckingham on Horseback" (now lent by Lord Jersey to the Exhibition of Seventeenth-Century Art at Burlington House). How did he do it? The answer is "he didn't"—or rather that though he devised, directed, and as it were "produced" in the film sense the final pictures, he painted only certain parts of most of the pictures himself.

In the case of "The Duke of Buckingham on Horseback" for example the Duke commissioned the picture when Rubens was in Paris installing the Marie de Medici panels. Rubens made a drawing and probably an oil sketch of the composition and the Duke then sat to him once or twice for an hour or two for drawings and perhaps an oil sketch of his head. After that Rubens returned to his home near Antwerp and the business of producing the picture began.

A canvas, 11 ft. by 10 ft., was stretched on a chassis and set up in his studio—a vast apartment 46 ft. long by 34 ft. wide, with four large windows on one side and three on the other and a rose-window at the end. Rubens then explained his composition to his staff of assistants, each of whom was a specialist in some particular branch—one a specialist in painting heads, another hands, another nudes, another drapery and armour, another animals, another landscape, another seascape, another drapery, another fruit and flowers, etc.—and these assistants, we must remember, selected from scores of applicants (Rubens says in a letter that he had refused a hundred), included at various times men of the talent of Van Dyck and Jordaens.

The artists in charge of the assistants at the moment then took the master's composition to the assistants' studio—another vast apartment on the floor above—where it was squared out as a cartoon the size of the canvas to which, with the aid of scaffolding, it was eventually transferred.

At this stage the specialists, I imagine, got to work, one painting the Duke's horse, another the nude allegorical figures, a third the Duke's head, a fourth the Duke's armour, a fifth the seascape with British Fleet, etc.—with Rubens looking in from time to time to control the general scheme. When the whole picture was thus "laid in" Rubens himself would mount the scaffold, palette in hand, and complete, or perhaps entirely repaint, the Duke's head and retouch the whole picture to make it a coherent unity in accordance with his original idea, and bring it up to his own high standards.

When the picture was thus finished Rubens sent for his works manager and the time sheets of the assistants and fixed the price of the picture by the time it had taken (there being, of course, a half-a-dozen other large pictures on hand at the same time). His central rate at this period was about 100 florins a day. The Duke's picture worked out at fifty days all told and Rubens billed the Duke for £500, i.e., £10 a day (the exact equivalent of which in present money it is impossible to determine).

In billing or contracting for his pictures or offering finished works for sale Rubens was always strictly honest, for he always stated how much he agreed to do or had done on the actual pictures himself. In one letter, for example, he says, "This picture is by Van Dyck, my best pupil, and thoroughly gone over by myself"; in another, "This picture is by my own hand except for a very beautiful landscape by a man who is extremely skilful at such work." And since he was thus honest we can take it that even at his busiest periods he never sent out anything with which he was unsatisfied or which he thought might bring his studio to disrepute.

DEFENDERS OF SINGAPORE ISLAND: Men of the Malay Regiment in their palm-shaded camp on the beach at Beting-Kusa. They have been taking part in the combined exercises held prior to the opening of Britain's £9,000,000 naval base

MORNING KIT INSPECTION AT BETING KUSA: Men of the Malay regiment with their equipment neatly laid out before their tent. It was their task during the recent combined exercises to help in preventing a landing on Singapore Island

A FOCAL POINT OF DUTCH COLONIAL EFFORT: An air view of the business quarter of Sourabaya, one of the chief centres of population in the East Indies. It is believed that an understanding exists between the Dutch and British navies regarding the joint use of Sourabaya's harbour should a crisis arise

ON THE EDGE of the STORM AREA

The Dutch East Indies, Holland's Wealthy Archipelago, Becomes a Key Point of Vital Strategic and Economic Importance in the Southern Seas

By ROY ELSTON

DUTCH and British interests in the Pacific march together. At one time there was a good deal of bickering between the two countries over the possession of the rich islands of the Java archipelago. But that was long ago. The differences have mostly been buried under an avalanche of capital from London and Amsterdam; community of interests often means community of capital.

There is more than community of capital, however, to cause the interests of Britain and Holland to run parallel in the Pacific. The most important of these additional forces is the threat to the balance of Pacific power, and the fears occasioned by the gathering momentum of Japanese imperial and economic ambitions.

Japan would give its soul to possess the Dutch East Indies. The reason is plain enough. Its possession would mean for Japan complete strategic control of the whole of south-east Asia; her naval power in the Pacific would be almost invulnerable. Where now she has to import over 75 per cent. of the oil required even under peace conditions, with the Dutch colonies at her command she could be independent of external oil supplies.

The Dutch archipelago is a bridge between British Malaya and Australia. It controls the sea-routes between Singapore and the British Dominions of the South Pacific; and, as these sea-routes lie along narrow straits, controls them very effectively. In the event of an Anglo-Japanese conflict, this bridge would lie in the very centre of operations and nothing short of a miracle could keep it neutral.

These facts have given rise to a report that an understanding has been come to between the Dutch and British naval authorities in the Pacific by which each can use the other's bases in the event of a crisis. The Dutch ships can run into Singapore and the British into Sourabaya or other ports of the archipelago. That a formal understanding exists has been denied by the Dutch Government, but it is fairly obvious that some such arrangement has been come to.

Count van Limburg Stirum, Netherlands Minister in London, addressing the Royal Empire Society the other day, made this statement: "Those who realise the true value of the sea connection between Singapore and Australia, cannot fail to take serious interest in the Dutch East Indies, more especially as it is quite certain that the moment the rain begins to come through our roof, your roof will begin to leak also.

"Centuries of cultural efforts in the colonies lie behind both England and Holland, and each country is determined at all costs to prevent the destruction of what has been built up with so much zeal and success. If formerly we were competitors, to-day the protection of what we have achieved in these lands clearly should be a common problem."

Of course, the plum which the Dutch East Indies represent in the eyes of an ambitious Pacific power, is not ultimately a strategic plum, but an economic one. The archipelago is immensely rich in raw materials, and above all, in oil, rubber, and tin: it is also a magnificent and increasing market for cheap manufactured goods; and its policy of the Open Door has been taken full advantage of by British interests. Of the capital sunk in the Dutch East Indies a surprisingly large proportion is British.

The amount of British money invested in the Dutch East Indian oil industry cannot be much less than the Dutch. All but a very small sum is with the famous Royal Dutch and Shell combination, which was responsible for the production in 1936 of 4,374,058 tons out of a total production from the Sumatra and Borneo fields of 6,386,926 tons. British investments in Dutch East Indies plantations are reckoned at the very large figure of £30,000,000.

Our interests in the Dutch colonies do not end in the field of raw material production. The London and Liverpool rubber and tea markets would be very seriously hurt if the produce shipped to those ports from the Dutch colonial harbours were diverted elsewhere. We have also established throughout the archipelago a number of very large trading houses, some of which have been in existence for over a century; and the great staple trades of sugar, rubber, and tea are very largely influenced by these British export houses.

Our pockets, therefore, as well as our prestige would suffer badly if the Dutch East Indies changed hands, or if some other Power, like Japan, were to secure in the archipelago a dominating economic influence. The open door would probably be closed and locked and a valuable market for manufactured goods would be lost.

"Give Japan the Dutch East Indies and her present huge industrial output could be doubled in five years."

The total value of imports into the Dutch East Indies in 1936 was 282,000,000 Dutch florins; exports reached the total of 552,000,000 florins, which, though gradually on the increase again, is less than half the figure for 1929. In 1913 Japan was tenth down the list of exporters to the archipelago; by 1936 she had succeeded in shouldering Holland out of first place. Against the mother country's total exports to her Eastern colonies of goods to the value of 47,000,000 florins Japan exported to the value of 75,000,000 florins. Great Britain, formerly the second largest exporter to these colonies, is now the fifth.

Figures are not very amusing and are sometimes misleading. But the few given above are intensely significant. They show two circumstances very plainly, first, that neither Holland nor Great Britain can afford to lose the raw material industries or the market for manufactured goods in the Netherlands' East Indies; and, secondly, that it is tremendously important to Japan to gain both.

For which side is disappointment in store? The answer should, of course, be very simple; but one is never so sure these days: things have a way of happening which ill accords with logic; and since we are being driven back into the old idea that Right is Might, it is no use prophesying on the basis of what is just or reasonable. Besides, there is all this confusing talk about the "haves" and the "have nots," which seems to be introducing a kind of communistic element into the pretensions of countries that are otherwise not at all communistic in their principles.

The only thing left to do is to see that when it comes to the idea of Right being Might, we are just as capable as the other fellow; and in this matter of the Dutch East Indies we must see to it that we are capable of playing the big brother in a practical manner to a Holland which, for her part, is doing all she can to maintain her colonial defences at the standard demanded by the importance of the colonies themselves, and by the extent of the threat to their security.

The problem of the defence of the Dutch archipelago is, of course, extremely difficult, and essentially a naval one. Holland, unassisted by a powerful maritime State, could never hope to ward off for long the attacks of a big invader. Helped by a big sea Power she could, however, harry and seriously hamper the movements of enemy fleets and merchant ships; and in the Pacific War which would almost certainly follow an attack on Dutch East Indies territory, she could prove herself a very valuable ally.

The Dutch fleet at the moment consists of 7 cruisers, of which, however, only 5 can be regarded as really capable of action; 20 destroyers; 40 submarines and a number of minor craft. In the Dutch East Indies waters are 3 cruisers, 8 destroyers, and 19 submarines.

It was significant that Queen Wilhelmina in her speech from the Throne on the occasion of the opening of the States General on September 21, 1937, announced much more important increases in the East Indies Fleet than the Home force.

The East Indies air strength is at present made up of 60 hydroplanes, 26 new Glen Martin bombing planes, and 40 other bombers.

It must not be thought that the threat to the Dutch East Indies is immediate. But should a Pacific conflict develop, the archipelago must, because of its geographical position alone, be in the centre of it. Its continued possession by Holland is just as important to us as the maintenance of Singapore as a British possession is; and it is this fact which keeps Japanese hands off Java.

Dutch fears are summed up in a statement from an interview given by Jonkheer de Jonge, ex-Governor-General of the Netherlands Indies, to the *Algemeen Handelsblad* of Amsterdam: "I do not anticipate that Japan will wage war against the Dutch Indies. But what I have always believed possible is a brutal act of aggression, intended to intimidate, either with the expressed object of protecting nationals, or in an impulse of patriotism, and conceivably against the will of Tokyo. Against such local action we must, of course, always be thoroughly prepared. *Qui se fait brebis*. . . ."

PERILS *of the* POLAR FLOE : Conditions that have had to be Faced by the Drifting Party of Soviet Scientists

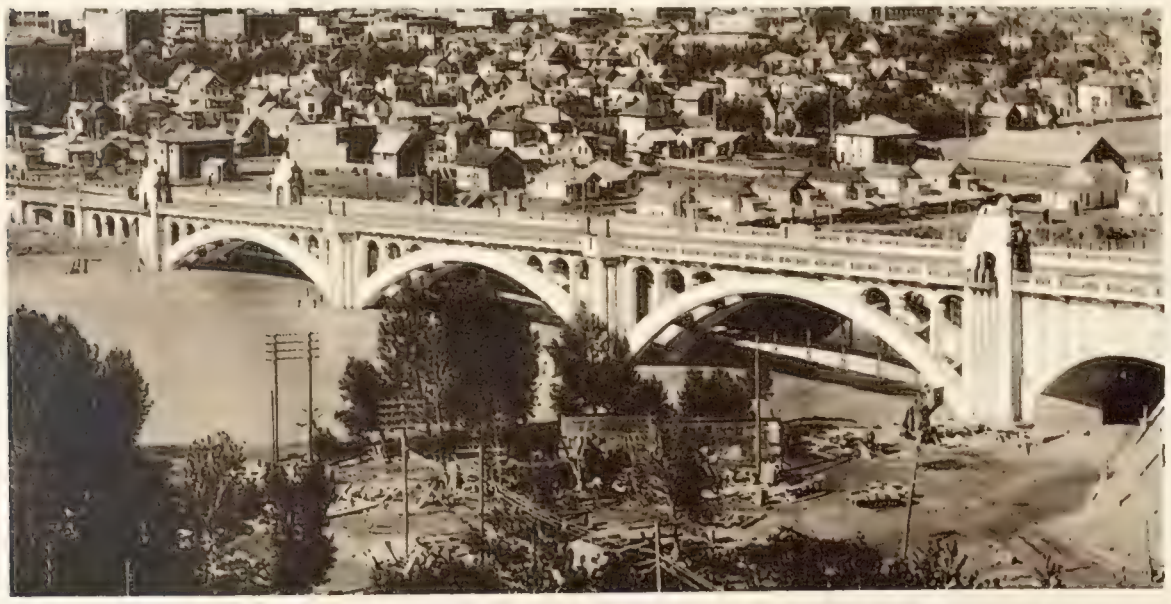
WHERE DANGER LURKS: A pressure ridge thrown up by the forces of wind and current is no rarity in polar latitudes where ice-jams of this nature often menace the safety of expeditions. At the moment the picture is of particular interest in view of the adventures of the Soviet scientists who last spring established themselves on an ice floe near the North Pole and have since been drifting southwards, taking meteorological records as they go. Pressure ridges have frequently jeopardised their position, but on February 14 the Russian ice-breaker Taimyr arrived to effect their rescue

THE MIGHTY POWER OF ICE PRESSURE: A vessel being crushed by the pack which can gain a really astonishing grip. *On right*—Eskimos sailing among floes. Navigating a boat in these conditions is far from easy, the jagged ice being of course liable to cause damage to the frail craft at every turn on the way through the tortuous channels

ON GREENLAND'S ICY COAST: *Above*—A sledge team resting on the sea ice along which they travel during the winter, finding the going smoother than on land. *Right*—Eskimos seal hunting among the floes which, with the coming of summer, have melted into islets. It is to this region that the Soviet scientists have been steadily drifting since May of last year, and on February 14, when the rescuing ice-breaker appeared on the scene, they had reached the neighbourhood of Scoresby Sound, about 1,300 miles from their starting point. Last week, it was reported, the men replenished their scanty larder by shooting three polar bears

ORNATE, BUT WELL BALANCED: In the foreground is the Umberto I Bridge at Rome. It might be considered over decorative in detail from the modern point of view, but it is none the less finely-conceived architecturally. The arches fall easily to the piers, which form striking decorative units, each being surmounted by statuary

ANOTHER HANDSOME DESIGN FROM ITALY: The Umberto I Bridge in Turin is slightly simpler in plan than that at Rome, and the arches are splayed out in a continuous curve which reaches the water-level. A balustraded roadway is terminated with groups of bronze statuary. The piers are half merged into the general structure



CANADA PROVIDES A BOLD EXAMPLE: Here, over the Bow river at Calgary, is another bridge of notable design. It has three main spans of coupled arches crossing the river with a number of pillars supporting the roadway. Tower units at each end clearly define the actual cross-river portion

THREE BRIDGES OF DEFINITELY DECORATIVE DESIGN

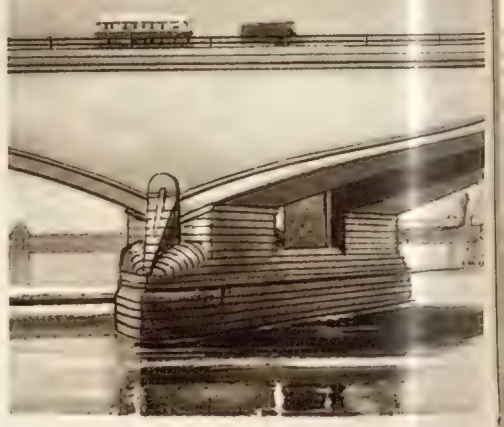
Examples Showing How Form, Colour, and Ornament may be Knit Successfully and Harmoniously

THE NEW WAT

The Proposed Design Com and Concrete Structures in

TO SUCCEED RENNIE'S MASTERPIECE: The twin the proposed new Waterloo Bridge. It will be plain except for one bold projecting band which

HOW THE NORTHERN-MOST ARCH WILL CROSS THE Waterloo Bridge the Strand end plunges towards anchored. Two walls of stonework take off the



ONE OF THE PIERS: It will be noticed that the main arches of the new Waterloo bridge come to a knife edge and are socketed into piers which it is proposed to clothe in granite. The ends of the piers have beak-like projections

THE plans for the new Waterloo road bridge having been handed over to the Royal Fine Arts Commission for inspection, it is of much interest to see what kind of a bridge has been prepared by the London County Council and also to compare the plans with bridge building practice in other countries.

The new Waterloo Bridge is to consist of five 230 ft. arches ; all constructed of reinforced

THE FIVE ARCHES OF THE PROPOSED NEW WATERLOO BRIDGE: The above drawing shows the general appearance of the bridge as planned by the London County Council's engineers and architects. The idea, as outlined in one of the earlier Council discussions stone. Whatever the final de detail is contemplated, and

ERLOO BRIDGE

pared with Striking Stone Other Parts of the World

northern arches, photographed from a model, of noted that the sides of the bridge are perfectly extends the whole length of the structure

EMBANKMENT: In the proposed plan for the new the tramway subway and is presumably there abruptness of this entry. The London County Council endorse the unimpeded view provided by the sweep of the arch as a virtue of the design

concrete, arranged in pairs with a flat roadway in between; the two end arches to be carried well over the fore-part of the shore. This will mean that there will be a wide uninterrupted view on the Thames Embankment at the northern end of the bridge. The actual northern end of the bridge will be anchored out of sight.

Both sides of the proposed bridge are entirely plain, save for a very long uninterrupted moulded cornice which extends on the drawings from end to end. Four granite-clothed piers support the bridge structure and the flat roadway which it will carry. Six lines of traffic are planned. The external faces of the bridge are to be covered with Portland stone.

The extreme simplicity of these plans and the unusual form of the arches compare interestingly with the designs, reproduced herewith, of some actual bridges, following on the one hand the lines of classical tradition and on the other the forms suggested to engineers working in reinforced concrete alone. There would seem to be more opportunity for the display of statuary on the examples given of the more classically designed bridges, while those on the right show some of the possibilities of metal and concrete when employed with skill. In both mediums it will be noted that the complete flatness of the sides of the bridges is broken by a variety of detail or of structural forms which obviously produce a play of light and shade in response to the sun's movements.

on the bridge was to clothe the arches in Portland sign, it seems that a minimum of architectural that the whole structure will be essentially practical

A CONCRETE BRIDGE ON THE TEXAS–MEXICO BORDER: This graceful structure reveals a wealth of ideas in ferro-concrete work as applied to bridge building. The two external arches are linked together with a number of beams and from the beams themselves rise pillars carrying the roadway, the width of which is increased by bracketing out

ANOTHER EXAMPLE FROM TEXAS: This concrete bridge crosses the Colorado river at Austin. It repeats the bracketing out idea visible in the Texas border bridge, but the arrangement of the various constructional details is not so nimble, for the brackets here break the line of the main arches. The whole work has, however, a bold aspect

ONE OF THE GREATEST CONCRETE SPANS IN EUROPE: This bridge connects Stockholm with its western suburbs and is among the latest architectural additions to the amenities of the city. The roadway is supported on parallel wall-like slabs

WHAT CAN BE ACHIEVED WITH CONCRETE

Four Bridges that Reveal a Fecundity of Ideas in Treating this Modern Medium

On right—**THE ELEGANCE OF A LIGHTLY SPRUNG ARCH:** Switzerland provides an example of what can be accomplished in concrete when the aim is to combine height with lightness. This airy span is at Langwies on the Chur-Arosa railroad

In Salamanca

HERB TEA FOR THE LEGIONARIES: A Moorish proprietor and his good-looking daughter serving hot drinks in their café in Salamanca, where many of their compatriots gather on leave from the front

LADIES OF SPAIN: An attractive group in the Plaza Mayor, centre of life in Salamanca. Since General Franco made it his headquarters the quiet old city has been humming with activity, its citizens enjoying a real war-time boom

On left—**DARK EYES, OLIVE SKIN, AND RAVEN HAIR:** Officers' wives in Salamanca, where social life exhibits a peace-time gaiety. The city has been famed through the centuries for its university, and as early as 1254 it was placed on a par with Bologna, Paris, and Oxford

STILL WAITING: The Falangist office organised for the administration city falls. *Below*—Salamanca

ROOMS ARE NOT EASILY OBTAINED in Salamanca's hotels, owing to the number of officials in the city, so this visitor sleeps beside his suitcases in the hall in company with the guards. A charcoal fire helps to keep out the night cold

A TO-DAY: Life in General Franco's Crowded Headquarters City, Focal Point of the Insurgent Effort in Spain

TOP-BOOTED GALLANTS: Young officers taking a walk in the Plaza Mayor, recognised social meeting place of Salamanca. It is one of the finest squares in all Spain

in Salamanca which is already of Madrid if and when the galleryites applauding a play

NO SHORTAGE THERE: Salamanca market, it will be seen, is well stocked with meat and vegetables. Insurgent Spain is indeed enjoying a certain degree of prosperity

TAKING NO CHANCES: A citizen well wrapped-up against the cold. In winter Salamanca is as raw as Burgos, Franco's other headquarters, while in summer it can be insupportably hot. The city lies in the midst of a treeless upland plain

WHITE-GLOVED OFFICERS examine the baggage of all who enter Salamanca, and their search is very thorough when dealing with foreigners. *On left*—Civil Guards examining the credentials of a motorist arriving in the city. Careful check is kept on all comers and goers on account of the prevalence of spies

A FULL DRESS PARADE: Noel Coward inspecting one of the period dresses made for Peggy Wood when looking over the costumes for his new show *Operette* which was billed to start its trial run this week, opening at the Opera House, Manchester

ON STAGE

A grey, powerful play is *The Island*. It takes a deuce of a time to get going, but when it does it grips. The general production by Mr. Glen Byam Shaw (now Tchehov-ing at the Queen's, which may account for certain things) could not have been better, nor could the acting, with not a weak spot in the long cast and several particularly strong ones in addition to the catalogue of strength already named. Miss Norah Howard in a tiny part as the ex-actress wife of an officer was perfect, and Miss Sarah Erskine in a very long part fell short of perfection only when she fell short of audibility.

"Mirabelle."—*Mirabelle*, as epicures and some others are aware, is a liqueur made from plums. As a title for the new comedy at the Vaudeville it was scarcely appropriate, for the fun never reached the intoxicating stage and rarely even stimulated; and the plums in this somewhat stodgy pudding were infrequent. One of them, however, was pleasing and succulent, the performance of Mr. Geoffrey Sumner as an apparently nit-witted exponent of aristocratic good form. The type has been familiar on the English-speaking stage since the days of Sothern's Lord Dundreary. Mr. Sumner has added something on his own account, and he at any rate will have cause to bless *Mirabelle*, since he is likely to be in demand to play Guards-officer-cum-old-school-tie parts for the rest of his life. The demand has always exceeded the supply, so all he need fear is boredom.

For the rest, this is described as a comedy but is in fact a slow-moving farce—or would be were it not that an integral part of the story is an aeroplane crash in which all the passengers are killed. That does not strike me as funny, nor, it is only fair to add, did the author,

HER FIERY LATIN BLOOD revolts at her husband's coldly calculated epigrams. Mary Ellis as the highly temperamental wife in *The Innocent Party*, the comedy by H. M. Harwood and Laurence Kirk, which was recently presented at the St. James's Theatre

THEY MAKE THE TRIANGLE: The temperamental wife (Mary and the wife's American friend (Basil Radford). Their *The Innocent Party* at the St. James's. In his review of the phrased play I have seldom known. Mr. Cecil Parker as phrase

WILL that very clever young dramatist, Dr. Merton Hodge, one day come to be known as the English Tchehov? Consciously or unconsciously he has followed the Russian's style in his latest play, *The Island*, which is the best the Comedy Theatre has housed for a longish time.

As in *The Three Sisters* we have a remote district, a set of people marooned in it, none of them particularly lively, at least 25 per cent. of them discontented, nothing much happening, no conventional dramatic "plot" as such, a lot of talk, and an almost perpetual twilight. These English folk are not any more real than their Russian counterparts because we happen to know them better. By that I do not suggest any lack of reality in either set. But the comparison might be criticised on the grounds that whereas the Russians seem a strange crew walking in a mysterious dream, we are so familiar with these subalterns and these majors and their womenfolk that Dr. Hodge might almost be said to have photographed them.

In fact they all belong to the world although to different parts of it, because they are all alive. After having seen in the same week two new plays in which hardly one character came to life at all I would have found *The Island* refreshing if only for the knack the author has of creating real people. Knack is, perhaps, putting it too mildly. Such creation is the very essence of a dramatist's art, and if it is not there neither is the art.

Only the *locale* of the play did I find difficult to grasp. This is described as "an island off the coast of the British Isles, where are stationed two garrison detachments, men, officers, and wives. The island is about ten minutes from the mainland, where is situated the officers' club, the social rendezvous of the settlement." Where there is such an island and settlement, which Dr. Hodge makes us feel to be as far from London as if it were, say, the Seychelles, I know not. But the sense of detachment suffered by those detachments, and particularly by their women-folk, permeates the play. "Let me get away from here" cries the young wife of a very decent young officer. "So you've come from London" says a rather older wife, with the suggestion that London might be "leagues and a thousand miles away."

Of course Dr. Hodge's island is wildly fictitious. But, unlike another equally fictitious island, it did not like to be visited. For one of the officers, Lieutenant Ashley (Mr. Geoffrey Edwards—excellent performance), it was, indeed, a tight little island. His rule, when in or out of doubt, was to order a whisky and soda, and he carried his liquor badly, insulting the afore-mentioned very decent young officer, who was trying in two senses to help him out of a mess. Probably Ashley was safer when tight, for when sober he made love to his elderly colonel's young wife who met him halfway. When they were found in what may be translated as "in flagrant delight," Ashley committed suicide. The arrival of his mother after the tragedy provided a pathetically tense episode in the last act, beautifully written and played with exquisite delicacy and restraint by Miss May Agate.

Parallel with this tragedy is that of Major Willis, another occupant of the tight little island, who, when he heard that the wife whom he adored had at last died in her mad-house, got very wet, inside and out, poured his troubles out to the decent young officer's decent young wife, and kissed her drunkenly but passionately. Beyond this outburst, Mr. Godfrey Tearle, as the Major, had little to do except to suffer silently and, of course, to order whiskies and sodas. No actor can do this better than Mr. Tearle—I mean the conveyance of the suggestion of strong, silent suffering. But I was thinking continuously of his superb Othello some years ago when earlier in the week I was at the Old Vic.

AND SCREEN: By Philip Page

Merton Hodge Reveals the Tchehov Touch: Few Plums in "Mirabelle": The Tail Wags the Dog in "Othello" at the Old Vic where the Supporting Cast Gains the Acting Honours

Mr. Guy Pelham Bolton, intend it to be funny, though London is full of plays in which the humorous possibilities of death are exploited. A pusher of dud shares was thought by the world to have been killed in that crash but was not; he went to Monte Carlo with a false name and beard and was ignored by his wife, who had preceded him and also used a false name but no beard. Situations which ought to have been much more amusing than they were arise through the husband's impotent jealousy when forced to watch young men making love to her. In the final scenes the husband changes places with his valet and there is much bustle and misunderstanding after the fashion of Criterion farces of years and years and years ago.

Played at a much faster pace—and some music played and sung with it—*Mirabelle* would conceivably prove more exhilarating. Mr. Jack Melford was, for some reason, more amusing with a beard than without one. Miss Iris Baker was more successful as his vivacious wife than was Miss Suzanne Lyle as their friend on whom the drawl of the young Mayfair socialite sat uneasily. Mr. Phillip Leaver's French valet was a clever piece of work. But it was Mr. Sumner's evening.

"Special Delivery."—I found *Special Delivery*, though a bit of a muddle

Ellis), the epigram-coining husband (Cecil Parker), muddled affairs provide the comedy theme in play Phillip Page wrote:—"A more perfectly deliverer-in-chief, provides an air of distinction"

as a play, well worth a journey to the comfortable Richmond Theatre, which is forty years old and looks and feels like a theatre and not like a parish hall or a cocktail bar at Deauville. Miss Beatrix Thomson, who has written it, is, as most of us know, an actress of charm and great ability. As a dramatist she has yet to learn when not to let her characters indulge in irrelevant chatter, and also how to put more life into them generally.

They are designated largely by labels in the programme, but that is not quite sufficient. Thus we find that Mr. Ernest Thesiger is "a rich essentric (*sic*) dilettante" and no one can play such a part better. Yet for all Mr. Thesiger's cleverness and experience I could no more believe in this dilettante than in the Society Modiste of Miss Marie Burke, ranging with immense vitality over a variety of foreign accents, or in Mr. Clayton Green's judge of the High Court, who when he learned that the house party of which he was a member were planning to commit a co-operative murder, sat and muttered "outrageous" so many times that the audience laughed. Which was not Mr. Green's fault nor was it the fault of the audience who, poor souls, did not seem to know when to laugh or when to be thrilled and shocked.

The victim was to be one Joseph Starner a financier who had been blackmailing most of them, including the judge. Starner, instead of being murdered, murdered the judge and was himself murdered either by his adopted daughter or by Dilettante Thesiger — I leave future audiences to gather which, largely because I am not at all sure myself.

Miss Thomson has, however, the virtue of keeping her play from being boring; even a rather long-winded suggestion at the very end of it of a romance between Mr. Thesiger and Miss Burke, which I could not for one moment swallow, kept one interested. And plenty of things happen; if anything rather too many.

Miss Oriel Ross was a good deal more than gloriously decorative as a blackmailed but fair-haired *prima donna* who also gave us some quality of her singing, and very nice quality too. Mr. Charles Oliver made a duly sinister blackmailer, far too suave and slow speaking to be other than the consummate villain he was intended to be. Straight from the diverting pages of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse (or from the lime-juice advertisements) was the obliging manservant of Mr. Julian D'Albie.

"Othello."—The present revival of *Othello* at the Old Vic is rather a case of the tail wagging the dog in the sense that the tail of the team get away with it whereas the principals are for the most part disappointing. Mr. Stephen Murray, for instance, is the best Roderigo I have ever seen and I have known too few, if any, better Emilias than that of Miss Martita Hunt.

On the other hand, Miss Curigwen Lewis, so admirable in another play of another century, either had quite the wrong conception of Desdemona or was unable to express her conception, whatsoever it might have been. It was a performance without any blood in it at all or even meaning. Mr. Ralph Richardson was not exactly assisted, therefore, in his scenes with her; but his Othello, for all its good moments, was far from being outstanding and sometimes not even adequate. I expected Mr. Laurence Olivier's Iago to be much better. But I always expect so much of Mr. Olivier, and with good grounds.

"La Mort du Cygne" (Film).—London still being emphatically ballet-conscious, the French film, *La Mort du Cygne*, at the Curzon should find much favour. I have not yet seen a poor French film and this is even better than most, though it has not a shred of humour in it and a good deal of that type of morbid affection which has to be treated with both tact and skill. Paul Morand's novel, on which it is based, had for its theme a child dancer who adored a ballerina with the adoration not infrequently felt by schoolgirls for schoolmistresses. This child, being an exceptionally nasty little wretch, sees to it that her idol's successor and rival meets with an accident crippling her for life.

I could not believe in the finale of repentance and Christian forgiveness, but a difficult subject is tackled successfully, the acting and dancing of Mlle Chauvire as the ballerina is both charming and technically perfect, and the performance of the child (Mlle Jasmine Charrat) is startling in its sheer precocity, which has nothing annoying about it.

On left—COMMUNISTIC CHAUFFEUR AND PERT STENOGRAPHER: Jack Lambert and Elizabeth Allan have some good lines in *The Innocent Party*, their by-play affording a respite from the main theme

"YOU'RE A SWEETHEART": This is the title of Alice Faye's new picture in which this charming blonde star can now be seen at the Leicester Square Theatre

MOZART AT SADLER'S WELLS: Ruth Naylor as Zerlina and Harry Brindle as Masetto in *Don Giovanni*, which was successfully presented at Sadler's Wells on February 9

Drawn by Percy Home

"FOILED"! The son draws his sword on Volpone in defence of Celia. A dramatic moment in Ben Jonson's play *Volpone* which, after 150 years absence from the stage, has now been revived with notable success at the Westminster Theatre. In his review Philip Page wrote:—"The genius of Jonson lies both in his power and directness as a master of a dramatic situation and in his glorious poetry"

ART IN OILS AND PASTEL

John Copley and His Wife Hold a Joint Show: A Fine Study by Luigi Amato

"THE STRING QUARTET"

An interestingly interwoven rhythm of arms and bows characterises this striking picture by John Copley in the exhibition he is holding jointly with his wife, Ethel Gabain, at Messrs Colnaghi's galleries at 144 New Bond St.

THERE is an artistic sympathy, though not an actual likeness, between the work of John Copley and his wife Ethel Gabain, a fact that will be evident to many who visit Colnaghi's Galleries between now and February 24 to see their joint show, three examples from which are illustrated here. Mr. Copley has gradually and patiently enlarged his scope over a long period, gaining steadily in strength and range all the time; and now his bold monochromes have given place to pictures revealing a most satisfying and confident use of colour. Ethel Gabain's penetrating studies of stage stars are also particularly notable.

WISTFUL YOUTH—BY LUIGI AMATO

This picture, entitled "Piccolo Calabrese," would seem to epitomise all the tearful and wistful moments of youth. It has been generally admired by visitors to the Pastel Society's exhibition in Piccadilly

Ethel Gabain's portrait of Diana Wynyard in *The Silent Knight*. A notable work in her joint exhibition at Colnaghi's

PORTRAITURE OF ETHEL GABAIN

Here she depicts Ernest Milton, the American-born actor who created the part of Rupert Cadell in *Rope*

The "GIORGIONE" PANELS in DETAIL

Close-ups of the Much Disputed Pictures Acquired for £14,000 by the National Gallery; Questionable Brushwork Revealed

DAMON THINKS OF HIS UNREQUITED LOVE: This is one of the four panels ascribed to Giorgione which were bought by the National Gallery a few months ago for a total of £14,000, and are now the subject of heated controversy, many art experts casting doubts on their authorship. This panel and another have been specially photographed for "The Sphere," and certain sections are reproduced below in detail to give close-up impressions of the brushwork and technique

THYRSIS ASKS DAMON THE CAUSE OF HIS SORROW: Another of the four panels attributed to Giorgione and now on view in the National Gallery. Dr. Roberts Longhi, Professor of Art History at Bologna, is one of the many doubting Giorgione's authorship of them and has made the statement that they seem "to be scarcely even modest Bergamesque productions in the following of Palma Vecchio". Dr. Tancred Borenius ascribes them to Previtali, a minor Bergamesque

INDIFFERENT BRUSHWORK: Seen in close detail the panels are far from satisfying aesthetically and, even if they are the work of Giorgione, many art critics refuse to acknowledge them as masterpieces worth the immense sum of £14,000 which the National Gallery has lately paid for them. Viewed in technical detail

the panels are also open to criticism, as witness the indifferent brushwork especially revealed in the section reproduced on the left representing Damon with a row of fingers clutching the lyre. Even for the layman it is difficult to credit that the craftsman who produced the *Tempest* and *Virgin Enthroned* was also responsible for this

QUESTIONABLE DRAUGHTSMANSHIP is revealed in these two sections taken from the so-called Giorgione panels, one of the feet pictured above being club-like, while the heads of the sheep on the right are almost rat-like in appearance. These odd features, coupled with the far from masterly manner of the whole conception, have naturally aroused the attention of the art world and a question regarding the panels has actually been tabled in Parliament by Mr. Hall Caine who indicated the need for an official inquiry. It was stated by Colonel Colville last week, however, that there would be no investigation regarding the purchase

TRAINING TO LIVE—

A Glimpse of Life at ***Bartrum Gables, Broadstairs,*** *the Modern Private School With a Public School Equipment, Where Girls Are Being Fitted Out in Remarkable Fashion to Take a Place in the World of To-day*

BARTRUM GABLES: A general view of the school with members of the riding class about to set out for exercise

SPEAKING as a parent—and one to whom the finding of a Girls' School has recently presented quite a problem—three points struck me forcibly on my visit to Bartrum Gables: (1) There was not a dark corner anywhere—I even inspected the boot-hole; (2) Not a girl among the seventy-six visible had a cold; (3) And I never saw a happier, more unselfconscious band of girls. They simply radiated life, intentness, and sheer unselfconcern. Now, that is rare. Rowdiness is the rule, but ease is very hard to find. Few girls can avoid feeling nervous when stopped and questioned by a stranger, and hardly any can strike the balance in answering between being either forward, or stammering and gazing at the ground. Yet each girl I spoke to here, whether she was ten or fifteen years old, answered directly, freely, openly, according to what she thought or felt, for in that there could be no wrong. Obviously, then, there was something very right about the psychology of this school.

THE AIRY CLASSROOMS at Bartrum Gables are a delightful feature of this modern school

The food was excellent. I arrived unexpectedly in the middle of lunch, and was asked to join in the meal at the prefects' table. Now, prefects are responsible for upholding the standards of the school.

"I expect the juniors combine to play you up, don't they?" I inquired sympathetically. "Good gracious, no," said the "pre." "After all, why should they?" she added, puzzled. "We're there to help." This was no prim reply, as was to be proved. Chatter filled the air, it was necessary to shout to be heard. Of a sudden the headmistress touched her tumbler with her knife. Silence was instantaneous, staggering; roar fell into quiet. Not a sentence had been finished. Evidently these girls understood the meaning of co-operation.

The school stands on its own hill, 150 ft. up, with sea to the north, east, and south around it. It has a dream situation.

"Now they are all going to rest," said the headmistress. "What?" I exclaimed. "Always, for half-an-hour after lunch, they go to bed," she replied. "It has been part of our routine ever since I took a girl to an orthopædic specialist who told me that if only school-children were taken off their feet for half-an-hour a day, so much trouble would be avoided."

"What about exams?" I asked. "Oh, that is all fitted in," she laughed. "We like every girl to matriculate or to take school certificate before she leaves. Out of thirteen pupils we sent in for the school certificate last summer, eight passed and four more matriculated. Then we have gained entrances at the universities for English, classics, and science (note: this is unusual for a private school, but Bartrum Gables is equipped with a first-class laboratory), and we have won the Deakin Scholarship to Somerville in modern languages. As for our health-sheet, we've not had an epidemic for many years."

THE GYMNASIUM with a fencing class in progress. A picture evidencing the up-to-date equipment at Bartrum Gables which must surely be one of the best provided for and most efficiently run schools in Britain

This is not surprising as the school is surrounded by twelve acres of playing fields. At the bottom of one of these is a large open-air swimming-pool, where the girls have twenty minutes swimming a day in the summer, with the result that they carry off a great number of open sea-side competition swimming prizes. Besides lacrosse and netball fields there are many most enviable tennis courts—every pupil is trained by a coach whether she is in the team or no—and I was told that the school frequently won the cups for Doubles and Singles at the Thanet School Tennis Tournament held each year. This tennis proficiency is valuable as a social asset latter.

Vegetables come from the school's large vegetable garden (three gardeners); not an egg is eaten but is new laid from the vast poultry-farm, again a prize-winning section of the school. After I had seen it, I was long past looking for any flaws, but perhaps the most impressive feature of all I saw, and I saw everything, was the great sun room for the junior school.

This is a room 60 ft. by 25 ft. with windows from floor to ceiling along the south side, which slide open all the way along. It can be partitioned across into three class-rooms, but on Sundays the desks are shifted out, and it then forms a sitting-room for the juniors. Such a sitting-room as could not be surpassed in a millionaire's home. But everywhere in the building I was charmed by warmth and freshness, comfort and simplicity, and the beauty of the furnishings. The taste was impeccable.

It was the same with the school uniform. Girls wore light grey overcoats and stockings for daily outgoing, with a splash of scarlet in their grey hats. Game tunics were cherry-red: school tunics were navy-blue. Dance dresses were of cherry silk, so were Greek tunics, but it was the particular shade of the reds and blues, and the style, that showed the selective note. And the cupboards in which these dresses hung were a joy, there was no sign of carelessness with clothes.

"A girl's carriage is so important," said the headmistress. "That is why dancing, with us, used to be compulsory. Even now, we like every girl to take it." It is an extraordinary thing that in spite of prevailing games and open-air activity, women slouch, and there is greater evidence of wry-necks and spinal curvature than ever existed in our grandmothers' days. Dancing classes were in progress. The grace and precision of the dancers were amazing. Moreover, they set into ballroom—and into Greek dancing which I saw later—as if their lives depended on it, oblivious of watchers.

THE STUDIO provides another example of the airy spaciousness of the school's classrooms

Art reaches a high level. The modelling was remarkable, so was the poster-painting. There is a school orchestra, and keen rivalry exists in all branches between the pupils—whether drama, games, deportment, art—because they are divided on entering the school into Greeks, Romans, and Trojans, and each is anxious her nationality should win. At the moment the Romans hold most of the trophies, and their cups are proudly displayed on the mantelpiece of the senior sitting-room. This sitting-room has a wireless, a gramophone, a library which not only includes the classics but such up-to-date successes as A. J. Cronin's *Citadel* (a classic must be read every three weeks; however), and a table covered with the current big daily newspapers and weekly illustrated magazines. It is scented by pots of freesias and other greenhouse flowers.

Bells were ringing for tea as we passed out of this room. Tables almost bent under scones, jam and rolls of butter into which the girls could dig as they pleased. By the way, "they never have anything but English meat," I was informed, and believed it. For away above their good dancing shone glossy heads of hair and unbeatable complexions.

After tea I was taken round the segregation rooms. A junior, suspected of starting a cold, was tucked up in bed in one of these. These rooms are also used by girls following medical treatment who are delicate and have to be gradually hardened off into the routine of the school. So it is they can have all the advantages of sea-air, school, and medical treatment. A resident qualified nurse has charge of the sick ones and can be helped by three assistant matrons. Matron, herself, is never taken off attending to those who are well. No wonder so few are ever ill. There is also a lovely sick room and, of course, a sanatorium removed from the main building.

As if to crown all these luxuries, I was taken into the school's private chapel in the main building. Beauty is on a more vibrant note here, perhaps, than anywhere else in the school. It was designed and executed by a famous artist. Ideals had not been mentioned during the afternoon. But one ideal was manifest everywhere, clearly nothing but the best was good enough—regardless of profitmaking—in these headmistresses' scheme for attaining perfection in educating, enlivening, and providing a home for the girl of to-day so as to shape bravely the woman of to-morrow.

Winifred Loraine

RELAXATION: Some of the girls enjoying a leisure hour in one of the pleasantly furnished common rooms at Bartrum Gables. The homely atmosphere, so difficult at first to associate with school-life, is a remarkable feature of the place

THE KITCHEN at HOME and ABROAD

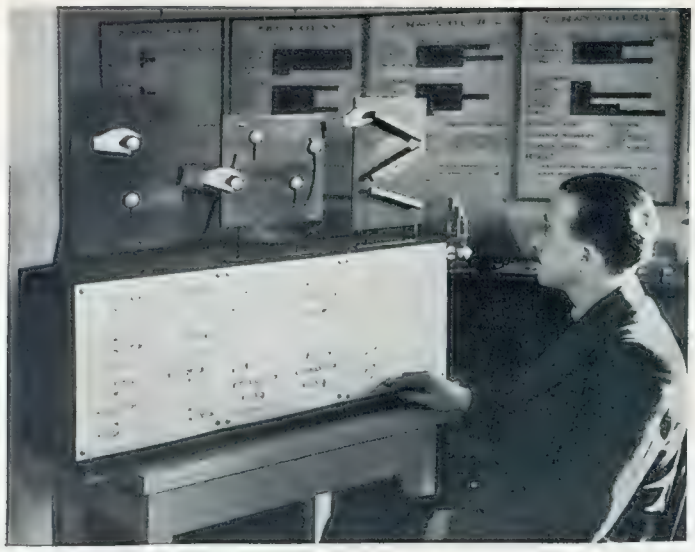
French Housewives in Competition—A Cookery Lesson at the Speaker's Home

CIVICALLY RECEIVED: Some of the entrants from all parts of France leaving the Hôtel de Ville, Paris, after the reception given them before they took part in the competition to find the Republic's most efficient housewife. *Below*—A young Breton competitor in national costume

THEY'RE OFF: Competitors at their cooking stoves during the contest held at the Salon des Arts Ménagers, Paris, to find France's most efficient housewife. Each entrant had exactly the same materials in the cooking section and had to produce a given dish within a given time. Then the judges got down to the task of sampling the culinary masterpieces

LONDON'S KITCHEN PAR EXCELLENCE: *Above and below*—Mrs. Cadd, Captain Fitzroy's cook, at work in the kitchen of the Speaker's House at the House of Commons, a spacious white-tiled room, ideally adapted to the practice of the culinary art, with its massive table and meat chopping block. On February 17 it was the scene of a cookery lesson attended by Society hostesses and held in aid of Westminster Hospital Nurses Home

NO MORE BLACK MONDAYS: Mrs. F. Pearce, a Sheffield woman, has perfected this super washing tub displayed at the Institute of Patentees Exhibition at the Central Hall, Westminster. It has a mangle attached to it



ESTIMATING MECHANICAL APTITUDE: The young man undergoing this test at the National Institute of Industrial Psychology has to decide which diagrams relate to which working models placed before him. This is only one of the numerous methods by which the Institute sets about the task of determining the most suitable careers for the boys and girls who pass through its hands. Many an applicant undergoing the tests often discovers hitherto quite unexpected potentialities. The Institute has its headquarters in Aldwych House, London

TWO MORE TESTS employed by the examiners at the National Institute of Industrial Psychology where, by these carefully devised methods, they are able to obtain much more exact estimates of the capabilities of young men and women than could ordinarily be achieved by casual observation. *Left*—On this machine circles pass a slot at a constantly increasing speed and the accuracy with which these are dotted is recorded on an electric counter. A person's performance on the instrument provides a useful indication of temperament. *Right*—The cube construction test is a good guide to practical ability

Pictures by William Davis

MANUAL CO-ORDINATION: By dexterous manipulation of two controls at the same time it is possible to make a pencil on this machine trace round a complete circle. The man who can do this with accuracy is obviously fully fitted for work in any precision machine shop. It is one of the most valuable tests employed by the Institute which is doing remarkable work in the field of occupational research

"TINKER, TAILOR, SOLDIER, SAILOR . . ."

The National Institute of Industrial Psychology and Its Tests for Helping Boys and Girls to Choose Careers

MEETING BRITAIN'S COIN SHORTAGE

The Royal Mint has been Working Double Shifts

By R. J. MARTIN

THE Royal Mint has been working double shifts for the past eighteen months in order to remedy an acute shortage of coin in the country.

This shortage was caused by our increased industrial activity and rising prices. When trade is bad and wages low less coin is required in the purses of the public, but as the purchasing power of the community increases additional supplies of hard cash are required for use as pocket money.

The supply of extra notes is a fairly simple matter. Bank of England notes are printed on special paper under conditions of great secrecy by skilled craftsmen. The standard of workmanship is high, but, nevertheless, printing 1,000 £1 notes is not such a great task as the preparation and striking of £1,000 in silver and bronze coin.

Notes and coin in circulation have increased enormously during the past year or two. To-day's note circulation of £475,000,000 is greater by £75,000,000 than the figure of two years ago.

Our paper money, however, seems much more docile than its metallic brethren. When the circulation increases it does so in a smooth manner, and demands for notes can be anticipated. At Christmas time, for instance, our monetary authorities are fully aware that the public will ask for about an extra £25,000,000 in notes for holiday spending and that, early in the New Year, these notes will all return again to the banks. That monetary movement is seasonal and regular.

Demands for coin, however, are not so regular. It is true, of course, that active trade calls for more coins but the public demand is irregular and spasmodic. Violent changes occur, particularly in the demand for bronze. Sometimes there will be such a glut of bronze coin that minting of them will be suspended. Then for no apparent reason a persistent demand for bronze will come from all parts of the country. In 1923, 1924, 1925, and 1933 no pennies at all were struck.

Until 1936 the Royal Mint enjoyed a long spell during which they had not been unduly troubled by great demands for coin by the public. Indeed, between 1920 and 1935 there had been no addition to the quantity of silver coin circulating; on the contrary over £6,000,000 in silver had been withdrawn and not replaced.

The Mint, though, had not been idle during those years and had, in fact, struck very large quantities of silver coin. The silver struck, however, was of the reduced silver content —50 per cent.—and was issued to replace the older coins of almost pure silver—92½ per cent.—which under the Coinage Act of 1920 were being withdrawn from circulation.

At the beginning of 1936 — some time after our economic recovery had begun—the situation changed. A demand for extra silver coin arose in addition to what might be termed "replacement" silver. Later in the year, a brisk demand for bronze arose and this became so intense that between October and Christmas of 1936 no less than £368,000 was issued—850 tons of coppers in two months!

This demand for coin—both silver and bronze—continued unabated throughout 1937 and it is not yet satisfied. Supplies of silver are now more plentiful but copper is still in request. 1938 pennies are out already.

The output of coins from the Mint during 1937 was the greatest in history, exceeding even the huge figures of the early post-war years when the ever rising prices made such demands on the King's moneyers.

The total weight of coin issued during the past two years is probably around 3,000 tons.

The public's taste in coins is ever changing. The favourite of one period will fall from popularity and its place be taken by another.

At the present time the sixpence is in especial demand. This is due to a large extent to the growth of the sixpenny store. People like to have plenty of sixpences to pay for their purchases, and the stores, in their turn, keep substantial supplies to give out in change. The increase in coin-operated cigarette machines and similar apparatus has also led to a greater output of sixpences.

Sometimes a purely fortuitous event will affect the demand for some particular coin. Some years ago a change in the total deducted from weekly wages for National Insurance purposes resulted in many people receiving an odd threepence in their pay envelopes. A great increase in the demand for threepenny-bits followed.

It may or may not have been a coincidence, but the introduction of the Tote, with its minimum stake of two shillings, was accompanied by a phenomenal rise in the output of florins.

The popularity of coins also varies in different parts of the country. The small silver threepenny-bit, for instance, is popular in South Wales and in Scotland. Londoners detest it. It is also popular, for some reason or other, in dockyard towns. In Scotland the new twelve-sided yellow threepenny-bit is looked upon with disfavour.

The Mint has on more than one occasion considered the advisability of reducing the size of our bronze coins or of replacing them entirely by smaller ones of some other alloy. The weight of our bronze coin in circulation is terrific. It is estimated that the London Passenger Transport Board is paid over 6,000 tons of pence in a year. Large employers of labour literally pay out tons of money in wages.

Our bronze penny is the heaviest coin of its kind now in circulation in Europe. At one time several countries had almost identical coins. France led the fashion with its 10 centime piece and England followed with her bronze penny in 1860. Italy had her 10 centesimi, Spain her 10 centimos, and Greece her 10 leptas.

All these, however, have disappeared within the past ten years except the English penny.

But the penny will remain. There are two main objections to its abolition —the great cost and the stupendous nature of the task. The number of bronze coins in circulation to-day is about 3,000,000,000 and to recoin this mass of money would probably occupy the whole of the resources of the Mint for about ten years.

As the metal in a penny is worth only a small fraction of its face value, the redundant bronze would be almost worthless so, in view of the quantity of bronze now in circulation—over £10,000,000—the cost of such a coinage revolution would be prohibitive.

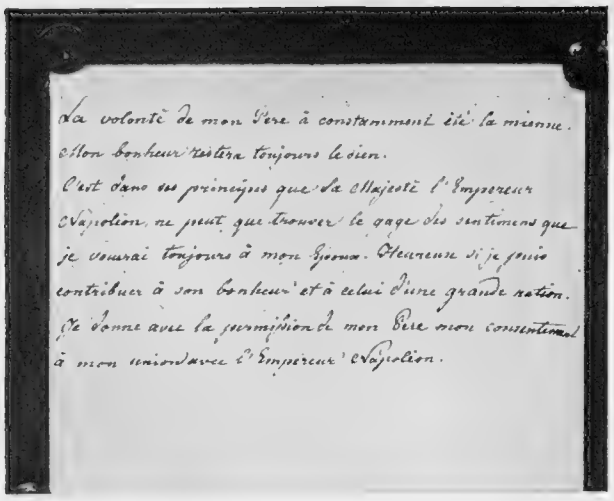
Further, automatic machine interests would fight against such a change.

There is, however, still another reason. In spite of the pleas of the reformer, and in spite of its size, weight, and dingy appearance, the penny has a firm place in the affections of the people. The number of pennies in circulation far exceeds the combined totals of all our other coins.

Many people returning from holidays in foreign parts find its homely size a pleasant change from the new and smaller Continental pieces. So the penny's place in our midst seems secure.

The Spirit of the Spey

GILBEY'S



MARIE-LOUISE CONSENTS TO HER MARRIAGE WITH NAPOLEON: The autograph MS. written by the daughter of Emperor Francis of Austria in the presence of Marshal Berthier, on March 7, 1810, when the latter arrived in Vienna to demand her hand on behalf of Bonaparte. The document is to be sold at Sotheby's on March 1, together with others in the possession of Berthier's descendants

MORE NAPOLEONIC MSS. IN THE SALEROOM

Treasured Documents from the Collection of Descendants of Marshal Berthier, Prince of Wagram

DURING the past few years a great mass of Napoleonic correspondence has passed through the saleroom. There have been the letters between the Emperor and Marie-Louise; the Empress' own letters to her former governess; letters from Napoleon's surgeon-in-chief to the army, giving details of the various campaigns from the medical point of view; and just over a year ago the important collection belonging to M. Emile Brouwet, consisting of letters and documents concerning a large part of Napoleon's meteoric career.

And now yet another collection of Napoleonic letters and documents is announced for sale by Messrs. Sotheby, on March 1. The provenance of this collection removes it from all doubt, coming from the descendants of Louis-Alexandre Berthier, Napoleon's Chief-of-Staff, having remained in the family possession. Berthier was associated with Napoleon from early days, when the great Emperor-to-be was signing his letters with "Bonaparte," till the fatal moments at Fontainebleau when he persuaded the fallen Emperor to sign his abdication.

Through the exciting, glorious campaign in Italy; the conquest of Egypt and the virtual imprisonment there owing to Nelson's destruction of the French fleet; with the victorious armies in Austria and Germany and the disastrous campaign in Russia, Berthier was always close beside his master. It was Berthier whom Napoleon himself described as "the model of a chief-of-staff" who saw that all the great general's orders were carried out, conveyed to the right quarter and put into action. He was an honest, hard-working, capable officer, but without brilliance.

It is said that the enormous losses at Leipzig were partly due to Berthier's refusal to act without written orders, so that the retreat was mis-managed in such a way that a large section of the army was left on the wrong side of the river with the only bridge blown up! But his good qualities must have over-balanced the weaknesses, otherwise so keen a leader as Napoleon would not have kept him at his side.

He was rewarded with the magnificent titles of Prince of Wagram, Sovereign Prince of Neufchâtel, and Marshal of the French Empire, together with a fortune suitable to his position. After the abdication Berthier made submission to Louis XVIII, who treated him generously, probably remembering how he had assisted his royal aunts to escape in 1791. He was allowed to retain his titles and rank. Napoleon tried to induce him to return to his old allegiance during the Hundred Days, but Berthier refused and retired to Germany. It is said that the sight of Russian troops marching to fight against France was too much for him, he threw himself from a window and was killed.

All the documents and letters in the Berthier collection are of interest to the Napoleonic student and collector, but the greatest human interest centres in the section concerning the marriage of the Archduchess Marie-Louise. Napoleon sent Berthier on a special mission to Vienna to demand the hand of the Emperor of Austria's daughter, and to arrange a marriage by proxy.

The young Archduchess was presented with a personal letter from Napoleon and his portrait, and then with patient submission agreed to the *demande solennelle*. The actual autograph manuscript of her answer consenting to the marriage, written in a small neat script, is a vivid moving piece of history. It is known that she had hated Napoleon as the dread enemy of her country, but was now prepared to marry him at her father's request to save her country from disaster. Her carefully worded reply runs as follows:—

"La volonté de mon Père a constamment été la mienne. Mon bonheur restera toujours le sien. C'est dans ses principes que Sa Majesté l'Empereur Napoléon ne peut que trouver le gage des sentimens que je vouerai toujours à mon Epoux. Heureuse si je puis contribuer à son bonheur et à celui d'une grande nation. Je donne avec la permission de mon Père mon consentiment à mon union avec l'Empereur Napoléon".—Passive obedience was the outstanding quality of the Empress

(*Continued on page* 318)

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

BELFRAGE'S HOLLYWOOD CHRONICLE

A Novel with the Californian Film Colony, Past and Present, As Its Setting

By VERNON FANE

MR. CEDRIC BELFRAGE has sub-titled his novel on Hollywood, Notes for a History, a comment far more profound and far less pretentious than might at first appear.

PROMISED LAND (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) besides being a novel "with a great deal of fact," is a fairly devastating criticism, in the guise of an historical reconstruction, of the Hollywood that we know now. Or as Mr. Benchley would put it more carefully, that we know of.

Starting with the Californian gold rush Mr. Belfrage traces the development of the building estate that used to be Hollywood, when the whole coast was the Mecca of get-rich-quick real estate dealers and citrus fruit farmers. The first film actors, who played all their scenes out of doors and more or less at the mercy of passers-by, were regarded as lowering the social prestige of the place, and the indomitable Mrs. Laurie, the backbone of this highly diverting novel, was given to hanging a card in the window of her apartment house, bearing the ambiguous words, "No Movies."

The Laurie family, half-English, half-Kansas, who migrate to Hollywood in 1902, are worthy protagonists for the author's theme, for they are a microcosm of the larger world about them. Ed, the wistful, dreaming, ineffectual grower of lemon trees; Ma, his wife, holding on so tightly to her savings that she attained and lost millionairedom without changing a detail of her way of living; Fanny, the pretty daughter becoming an insane dope addict; the son, Clark, a disappointed player of "bits"; and the other daughter Ann a bitter spinster, committing suicide when a film star, to whom she was a casual acquaintance, marries his leading lady.

Fantastic as Mr. Belfrage's Hollywood sounds (and that is pretty fantastic) I have an odd impression that it is if anything a bowdlerised version of the place as it really stands, with neither its vice nor its abysmal dullness over-emphasised. I believe too, that for the most lurid scenes of his notes on the town's progress, the author has only quoted, with discreet omissions, from the records of actual fact.

In all this I have laid very little stress on the merits of the book as a novel. These are self-evident, but I tnink that it will be as a chronicle of the strangest town in the world rather than as a work of fiction that Mr. Belfrage's book is going to have its wide success.

I'D HATE TO BE DEAD (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is the story of a man who fought his way through life, and by that I mean fighting in its most literal, bruising sense. Mr. Frank Tilsley's novel is written in the first person singular, and it has all the vigour and all the sharp, close focus that such an angle can give a writer. The autobiographies of fiction have a way of being stilted and over-lenient to their subjects, but no such weaknesses mar Mr. Tilsley's picture of a Lancashire go-getter, and his whole purpose might have been to create a really genuine character with the very minimum of sentiment. Or to prove, with the contemporary song-writer, that "they're tough, mighty tough, in the North."

His "hero", and never were quotation marks more justified, is a Manchester man born and bred, and in one of the early paragraphs of the book he tells the reader the bare bones of his story.

"I started work (half-time) when I was seven; full-time when I was twelve. At fifteen I owned a business, and at sixteen I was sleeping with women. At eighteen I was worth a small fortune; and before I was out of my twenties I was penniless. . . . I have been Member of Parliament for a famous Lancashire constituency. I have fought in two wars, and twice been within an ace of prison. I have been swindled by one of my very best friends and betrayed by one of my wives. I have been blackballed by two clubs, and been 'exposed' in a famous weekly journal after having refused to pay £2,000 to be left in peace. And I have murdered a woman. . . ."

With these as the bare bones it is easy to imagine what a competent writer could make of the story, and here is a writer whose gifts take him very far from the class of mere competence. He has imagination, analytical powers none the less profound for being those of a novelist rather than those of a surgeon, and a kind of Heaven-sent, masculine objectivity which marks him as a sound writer—even as a born writer, as distinct from the great number of enthusiastic and ephemerally talented amateurs.

As for those fights which punctuate the course of our friend's rise and fall, they are legion, and each described with genuine gusto. There never was such a man for a fight, and, since he was an extremely powerful figure, there never were such bone-crushing battles. He fought his uncle (though here I consider the use of the axe a little unethical), his partner, his foreman, and finally and bitterly his crook of a son. And each fight went the full fifteen rounds and five pages. A marvel of a man and quite a marvel of a book.

Another kind of tough, of American vintage this time, is the subject of Mr. Jerome Weidman's novel I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), reputed by American critics to be as hard-boiled as a twelve-minute egg.

There are no fights here, no bare fists and very few rough words. It is a different world, the world of the little Jew, Harry Bogen, whose New York is bounded on the south by Seventh Avenue and the wholesale dress business, and on the north by the Bronx and the mother who is his only loyalty.

Harry Bogen is an extraordinary character, young, smart in the inimitable American sense of being perpetually a trick or two ahead of one's opponent, and utterly amoral. He likes pretty girls and despises them profoundly. His cynicism is complete and his business sense acute. He makes money with astonishing ease and, again, very little regard to ethics. He loses it for his partners but never for himself, and he rats on his friends, the girl who loves him and finally his mother in as whole-hearted a way as it is possible to conceive.

He exploits sympathy, confidence, poverty, and any real emotion that he finds. He is in every respect entirely despicable, but he is real, and, crowning mercy, he is never dull. The outrageous wisecracks, his form of soliloquy and the cipher to his code of behaviour are unfailingly fresh and brutally, vulgarly funny. Sensibility is at a discount perhaps, but perception was never brighter.

Without an exception, the character drawing is remarkably good. From Meyer Babushkin, the vacillating little man who is the victim of his most cold-blooded betrayal, to Ruthie Rivkin the gentle Jewish girl who never blames him for her unhappiness, each is a genuine creation, a type that must exist, and an integral part of a story which is too credible to be shocking, too cheerfully callous to be tragedy.

On the contrary, this is in essence a very amusing novel indeed, and how it attains its own particular brand of light-heartedness is a secret which only Mr. Jerome Weidman can tell us.

Frankly, I am at a loss about THE WIND AND THE WATERFALL (Collins. 7s. 6d.). It is not a love story or a murder mystery or an intellectual novel, and that is no fault. But it is also not very readable, and that *is* a fault and a serious one.

A young man and his wife arrive on a beautiful and remote island in the Hebrides. They are fond of each other and are voyaging about in an effort to recover from one of the man's frequent infidelities.

They are storm bound for several days and during that time share a house with several "up-to-date intellectuals". A Communist, a Fascist, a poet, a woman novelist, an artist, and a critic make up their anything but merry party. During these few days three things happen, in all of which Raymond Kinlock, philanderer-in-chief, becomes involved.

The poet is murdered and Raymond is suspected. He embarks on a particularly unappetising love affair with the woman novelist, and he suffers a strange change of mind which causes him to see as grotesque and vulgar the only being for whom he has any affection. Finally things sort themselves out and Raymond and his wife sail for the mainland and for the chance of a more rational life.

AUTOBIOGRAPHERS: *Left*—Dave Marlowe in *Coming, Sir!* a Harrap publication, tells the story of his adventurous life as a waiter. *Right* Captain Howard Hartman has written *The Seas Were Mine*, another first-class book of reminiscences published by Messrs. Harrap. Joseph Conrad and Robert Louis Stevenson both figure in his story

This England . . .

From the Wyche cutting, Malvern Hills, overlooking Colwall

"IN a somer season when soft was the sonne . . . Ac on a May morwenyng on Malverne Hilles . . ." So begins our first great English poem, the Vision of Piers Ploughman. And who can wonder that great poetry shaped itself in Langland's head as he wandered these hills near six hundred years ago? The poem is a pure specimen of English before the grammar writers had their say. Pure English, too, is Langland's love of good ale. Again and again does he contemn "mene ale" or "feble ale to drynke" and sing the praises of "the beste ale, a galon for a grote—no lesse." And as he loved his England and his "hilles" so would he have rejoiced in Worthington, that direct descendant of the best old English ale.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

"She'll never say 'No' . . .

on 'BP' Ethyl!"

BP ETHYL

ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK

FASTEST for cars

DUPLICATING A ROAD: Men at work on the new stretch of road between Handcross and Bolney, Sussex, which is being made to run alongside the existing road as a one-way track to relieve the present traffic congestion

THE PETROL WORLD

NEW HUMBERS *on* PARADE

The "16" and the Latest Version of the Snipe

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE well-known firm of Humbers Limited introduced two new models this year, one known as the Sixteen and the other as the Snipe. The car that was previously known as the Snipe was re-christened the Snipe Imperial. These new models sell at a much lower price than the old Snipe did and so they are within the reach of a vastly greater public. Both of these new cars are well up to the high standard which Humbers have consistently set themselves and the two chassis are identical in their dimensions. The Snipe, however, has a larger engine than the Sixteen and the larger engine naturally means different gear-ratios, etc.

The other day I had an opportunity of testing a Sixteen saloon and ran it during a week-end. The first things that struck me about the car were its generous proportions and its fine finish. Even to look at it is enough to make one realise that it comes from the firm of Humber Limited.

On the road I found that my first impressions were more than confirmed as the week-end passed by. The 6-cylinder engine is smooth, flexible, and powerful and I found that even at low engine revs. the power was far greater than on the average car. This most desirable feature allows the driver to take main road gradients without changing gear and without much reduction in speed. The engine is a willing starter, particularly when the starter button is pressed first thing in the morning. There is no choke control to worry about, just a slight pressure on the button and the engine springs into life and does not fade out.

As regards speed, on more than one occasion the speedometer told me I was sailing along at 76 m.p.h. Allowing the speedometer to have the average error and also my not having a suitable opportunity to let the car go flat out for any distance, I should say that a genuine speed of over 70 m.p.h. is at the driver's command. Many cars I have driven become unpleasant and a trifle unstable around the 70 m.p.h. mark, but I can truthfully say that this Humber was as easy to control at this speed as at 20 m.p.h., and there was no noticeable increase in the noise.

The gear-box calls for very little comment because it did its job as it was intended but, truth to tell, as my journeys were over main roads, I used it very little, except when starting away from rest. The steering appeared to be lower geared than that to which I am accustomed but it was not unpleasantly low-geared, such as I have come across in cars that have passed through my hands. The brakes were such as to give the most timid driver complete confidence. They were easy to operate, progressive in action, and noiseless in operation.

This Humber, like all its sister models, has the well-known "Evenkeel" suspension. I found this extremely satisfying when rounding corners and I noticed what good springing it provided, but my one passenger in the back seat, without being prompted in any way, expressed her agreeable surprise at the comfort which that seat gave her. There is no doubt whatever that this independent front-wheel suspension was the cause of her making such a remark.

The body was generous in its dimensions and possessed pleasing lines. Nothing rattled or squeaked, the only noise that was heard was that of the rushing air which seemed to me a little more pronounced than usual, though this may be accounted for by the almost uncanny silence of the engine and transmission. The price of this model is £330 so it is not difficult to realise what an outstanding proposition Humbers have produced.

Not so long ago it was reported that a citizen of this country came into collision with the police because he carried a light overcoat over his arm whilst he was wearing another. It is reported that he was awarded compensation and the learned Judge was stated to have remarked that the liberty of the individual must be upheld. It is doubtful whether a case such as this would ever have occurred had it not been that the police have now for many years joined issue with the motoring public.

We motorists feel that we are looked upon as criminals, and that it is up to us, when difficulty arises, to prove our innocence, a complete reversal of the first principle of English law. I do not think that we would be possessed of this feeling had we not good grounds for supposing that in general the police really do look upon us in that light.

Certainly, the old situation when police and the whole community were the best of friends, excluding the evil-doer, has completely changed. I do not think the change is for the good of the country at large, and the sooner the friendly atmosphere previously existing can be restored the better it will be for the community as a whole. I am not altogether placing the blame on the

(Continued on page 312)

THE NEW HUMBER SIXTEEN SALOON: In addition to stylish and attractive lines and a luxurious interior, this new Humber saloon is noted for its all-round visibility and the now famous "Evenkeel" independent front wheel system of suspension

MY FRIEND, SIR WILLIAM CRAWFORD . . . .

whose organisation handles our publicity, has prevailed on me to give a series of personal messages in our advertisements.

For instance, so many people who do not know, ask "What do the letters M.G. stand for?"

They don't stand for "More Ginger" though that would be applicable. They were given as a compliment to Lord Nuffield, being the initial letters of the Morris Garages, which was his original business and from which the M.G. in particular and all his other vast enterprises have sprung.

Cecil Kimber

MANAGING DIRECTOR OF M.G. CARS

"A MIDGET SHOWS ITS PACES"

"BRITISH CARS ARE BETTER BUILT—BRITISH CARS LAST LONGER"

M.G. Midget Series T £222 • M.G. 1½-Litre from £280 • M.G. Two-Litre from £389 • Prices ex works. Dunlop, Triplex

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED ABINGDON-ON-THAMES BERKSHIRE • SOLE EXPORTERS—M.I.E. LIMITED COWLEY · OXFORD · ENGLAND

I.A

"From the driving point of view this Dodge is one of the best American-designed cars *The AUTOCAR* has yet tried."

(Extract from The AUTOCAR Road Test No. 1,161, issue dated January 7th, 1938.)

* * * * * * * * * * *

Dodge

BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

Works: Kew, Surrey.

LONDON'S WHITE-OUT! A picture taken last Sunday afternoon in the City during a particularly heavy fall of snow. A reminder that winter is not yet past

NOISES OFF: Their Disturbing Effect on the Average Motorist

(Continued from page 310)

police, in many respects they are the unwilling servants who have to obey the commands of those in high authority.

The trouble, of course, is the hundreds of orders and regulations which have been produced in connection with motoring and until the colossal number of petty offences which the innocent motorist can unwittingly commit is reduced, the relationship between the police and ourselves is not likely to improve to any great extent.

The degree of silence obtaining in a quality British car is to-day so high that little noises that emanate from quite minor fittings are now noticeable whereas in previous days they were not heard. I cover a very fair mileage a year in my car without any passengers with the result that the front seat beside me is usually unoccupied. Being of the independent type my weight in no way helps to steady it. I have tried many types of slides for the front seats which in most cars are usually of the adjustable type, yet I cannot remember ever being blessed with a front passenger seat that has not produced some kind of noise when left on its own.

As I have said before, until four or five years ago a small creak or rattle would have been quite submerged in the general rumble, but as motor cars are so quiet to-day these minor noises are distinctly troublesome. Personally, I would not have thought that it was a very difficult matter to design seat slides which would banish this nuisance. It may be that I am one of the few people who motor any considerable distance in a year with an unoccupied front seat beside me and so the manufacturers have not had this trouble previously brought to their notice. I hope, therefore, that these few remarks will call some attention to this matter.

Talking about troublesome noises reminds me that I have another sound in my car which worries me considerably. During the past few years the manufacturers of windscreen wipers have altered the design of their fitting so that they can employ a larger and, therefore, a more robust electric motor to drive the wiping blades. They have effected this change by separating the motor from the blade. In carrying out this alteration they have undoubtedly produced very creditably a more reliable piece of mechanism but when they decided on their change I have reason to believe that they thought they were increasing the silence of their product. My experience, however, proves to me that the new system is to say the best of it as noisy as the old.

Having separated the motor from the blade these two have to be connected by a flexible shaft working in a casing. When the inside of the casing is stuffed with lubricant the amount of noise is commendably small but after a few days the silence wears off and an irritating noise creeps in. Here again a little ingenuity should overcome the trouble. As a temporary measure the provision of some easy means of filling the casing with lubricant would be a godsend for, at the moment, this operation is an intricate one and generally results in the unfortunate owner finishing the job with more grease on himself than in the casing.

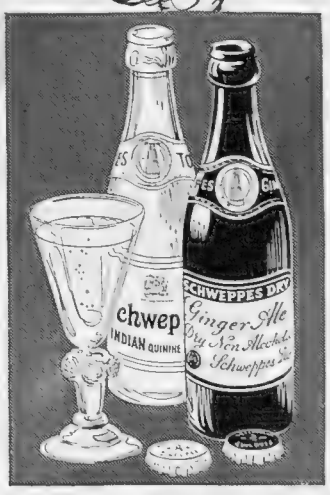
To watch an expert at his job is always an illuminating experience and, to the ordinary motorist taking his car abroad, the way in which the difficulties he imagined to be inseparable from such an undertaking disappear, as if by magic, under the skilled attention of the R.A.C. men at the ports is a never failing source of wonder. But to the latter of course, it is all in the day's work, and only when routine is varied by the unusual, do they consider it worthy of notice.

Not so long ago, however, the R.A.C. Port Officer at Folkestone received an unusual request. A telephone message arrived asking him to intercept a car belonging to a member of the R.A.C. which was booked for shipment to the Continent, and to recover a suitcase which had been placed in it, in error, when leaving the hotel where the member had been staying. The case, which belonged to another visitor at the hotel contained valuable property, and the request for its return was urgent. The car was very quickly located—even before it arrived at the port for shipment—the case taken out and returned with all speed to its proper owner.

DRIVING WITH EASE: Applicable both to the golfer and the car. The latter is a 19·8 Chrysler Kew 5-passenger touring saloon

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

FEB. 1*ST* By traine to Dorking to look into a house, my wife and I having a mind to live soon in the country. Which proved a journey wasted, for the house was in no wise as the Agent described it, but a cramped narrow dogg-hole. So to an Inn nearby, where I bade the serving-maid procure me a Schweppes Tonic Water and my wife a Ginger Ale. Upon these being served, my wife and I discerned a certain lack of zest and liveliness in our drinks. Whereupon we asked if they were indeed of Schweppes, and discovered that they were not. And we staid complaining so hotly to the Keeper of the Inn that we escaped missing our traine by a bare minute.

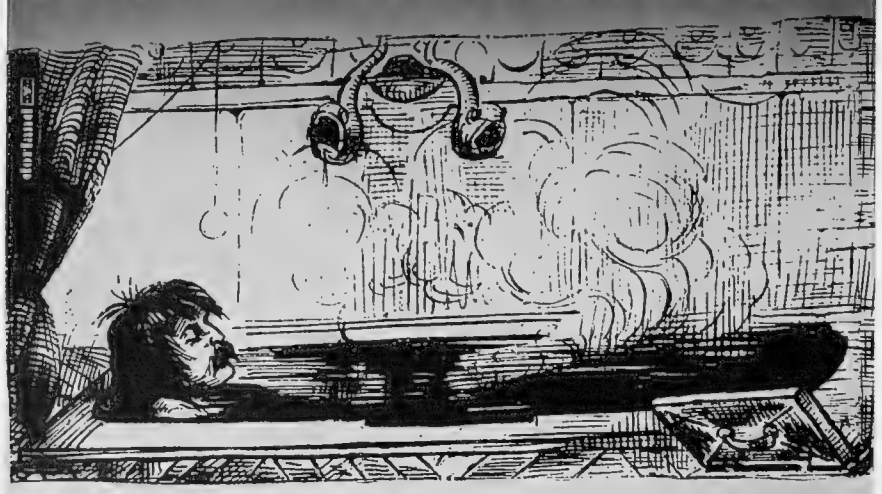


BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

Personal Recommendations Tell



MARK TWAIN

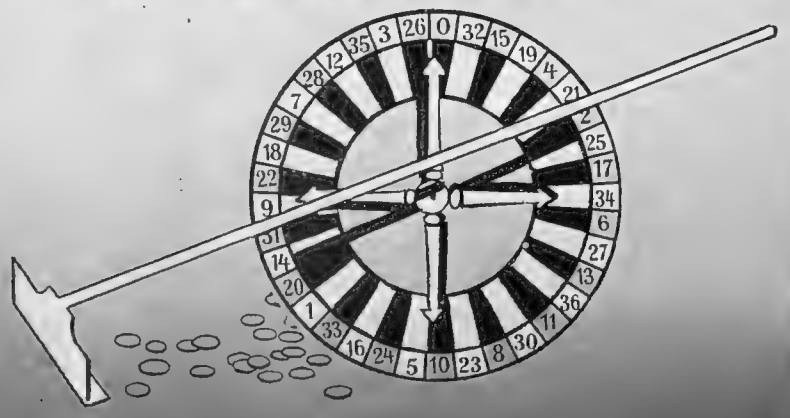
has assuredly given you many an hour's amusement. Like an old acquaintance he has become so familiar that you gladly defer to his judgement. Listen, then, to what he has to say about Baden-Baden in his classic "A Tramp Abroad" published in London in 1881: —

"The baths are good. I spoke with many people, and they were all agreed in that. I had twinges of rheumatism unceasingly during three years, but the last one departed after a fortnight's bathing there, and I have never had one since. I fully believe I left my rheumatism in Baden-Baden. Baden-Baden is welcome to it. It was little, but it was all I had to give."

Cure while you play in

BADEN-BADEN
BLACK FOREST

Fashionable social life all the year round.
Golf, tennis, riding and every other type of sport.
CASINO: Roulette, Baccara, Klondyke.



Full information from all Travel-Agencies, from the German Railways Information Bureau, London SW 1, 19, Regent Street or direct from the "Bäder- und Kurverwaltung" Baden-Baden.
Special brochure "England in Baden-Baden", free of charge.

YOUR NEXT WINTER'S HOLIDAY
Health is everything!
A carefree three or four months' holiday trip to
NEW ZEALAND

next winter, journeying into the beautiful summer there, surely is worth considering!

The cost is not more than that of many winter holidays at Continental resorts. Restful steamer voyages in ideal conditions on modern liners, and with very much of interest en route. And six weeks in one of the most beautiful and interesting countries in the world.

New Zealand is rapidly becoming the popular tourist resort of the Empire. Of the people, 99 per cent. are British, who regard the Motherland with affection, and will give you the warmest welcome.

No country has the same varied, grand, and wonderful scenery in so small an area. MOUNTAINS, FIORDS, THERMAL WONDERS, FORESTS, LAKES AND CAVES, and beautiful DOWNS and PLAINS.

There is incomparable TROUT and SALMON FISHING, DEEP-SEA ANGLING for SWORDFISH, and DEER-STALKING.

Also in New Zealand THE ENGLISH £1 IS WORTH NEARLY £1 5s. 0d.

Full information and sample itineraries, estimated costs, illustrated booklets, sailing lists, etc., will be supplied on application to:—

The High Commissioner for New Zealand, 415, Strand, London, W.C.2,
where the advice and assistance of New Zealand Government Tourist Officers are at your service

SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF "THE SPHERE"

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Xmas Number.	Six months, including Xmas Number.	Six months, no extras.	Three months, no extras.
INLAND	£3 0s. 10d.	£1 11s. 7d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 9d.
CANADA	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 11s. 5d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 9d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD ...	£3 5s. 6d.	£1 14s. 8d.	£1 11s. 8d.	15s. 10d.

ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER OF *The Sphere*, 32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Please send me THE SPHERE *weekly for_____ months, commencing with the issue of_____ for which I enclose_____*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Date*_____ 1938

UNIQUE "TAKE TO PIECES" COLOURED MODEL OF
R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"
Designed by G. H. DAVIS, the special artist of "The Illustrated London News."

All 12 Decks Removable, Revealing Every Item of the Ship's Wonderful Interior.

The Model, 12 inches long, together with a numbered list of all the interesting features of the ship, is available in an attractive box, price **3/6,** postage and packing Inland, **9d.** extra. Elsewhere Abroad, **2/6** extra.

Orders with remittance should be sent to:—

THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD.
(Dept. R.6.), 23-24, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

"Our Chalet," Adelboden's Girl Guides Home: Egypt is in the News as a Travel Land: Where to Go for Late Ski-ing

TRAVEL CALLING.—Acting on the old axiom of the early bird and the worm, resorts at home and abroad are getting busy with the preparation of those folders, pamphlets, brochures, and books aimed at whetting the appetite of travellers for new journeyings and sojournings during the coming months. The colourful folder is very popular in these times and I anticipate that 1938 will see them even more in evidence than last year. Already some have come to hand and it is interesting that they are not all from abroad. Some of the home resorts, not in the first flight of popularity, have risen to the idea that first impressions are likely to lodge ost firmly in the mind. Alas, one or two are just the rt of thing the Victorians revelled in; local guides at reepence or sixpence a time and printed on paper ich has the appearance of having been left over from at era. Such places must be the despair of our dern artists who delight in impressions in colour and iling maidens.

SPORTING AT ST. MORITZ: Mrs. Cranfield, wife of Mr. A. L. Cranfield, managing editor of the *Daily Mail*, with her daughter Joan

Czechoslovakia.—Some of the early ones come from ague, a name they use as frequently as Praha, which s not slip off the English tongue quite so ily. There, however, winter festivals are in swing, but while they tell us about these y leave a very strong impression that this is t the place for a summer visit as well.

The World and European Ice Hockey Chamnships are just finishing. These have been ler the auspices of the President of the public, the distinguished statesman, Dr. lward Benes, and the teams of other countries rticipating have been welcomed with the most cordiality. Winter sports are in full ing in the Krkonose Mountains, the Tatras, mava (in the Bohemian Forest), the Bezkydy untains, and other parts.

The good seed which Czechoslovakia planted th our travelling folk last year is likely to r good fruit this year when the country is king great national celebrations of the twen- th anniversary of its freedom and independce. All sorts of international events will be held during the year in rapid succession, and outstanding is the Slet of the Sokols, in other words the Congress of Fitness. The chief days of the festival are July 3 to 6 when on the gigantic Masaryk Stadium on the Petrin plateau above Prague 32,000 people will take part in simultaneous exercises. It will be an unforgettable sight.

All these events apart, the country has in its scenery and the picturesqueness of its people distinctive charms for the traveller.

Adelboden.—One of the most picturesque and sheltered villages in the Bernese Oberland, Adelboden is a delightful holiday resort in winter and summer and a health centre as well. It is getting on for 5,000 ft. above sea level and is so varied that there is always something new to see.

On a green slope across the valley is a chalet of exceptional interest. It was built on land given by Mrs. Storrow, American fairy godmother of Girl Guides. Every year Guiders and Guides of many nations come together on terms of friendship and understanding which abundantly justify the experiment in practical internationalism. It is known as Our Châlet, and some 2,000 young people have spent holidays there, while the time when the Chief Scout himself went will always be remembered with pride.

A stay at Our Châlet is incredibly cheap. Parties of English Guides can have a fortnight's holiday for under £9 each. There is very occasional accommodation for non-Guides, but the British quota (for some proportion has to be kept) is soon booked up. It is said of the place that there is a marked absence of uplift and a marked presence of co-operation. All the nations had a hand in furnishing and equipping it, the English Guides, for instance, giving the cutlery.

"OUR CHALET," the Swiss holiday home of Girl Guides from many corners of the world, looks across the valley towards unspoiled Adelboden. Soon the flowers will be out on these slopes and the swimming pool in the woods will be in demand. A full description of the place will be found in the notes on this page

Grasse.—I have had quite a number of inquiries lately about Grasse, a picturesque little town not much more than a dozen miles from Cannes, though I tackled it from Nice by a road which was a good breaking-in for some of those astonishing hair-pin bends you find just off the Riviera coast-line. However, you soon get used to them, and I would not have missed the Gorges du Loup.

Grasse is a singularly attractive little place where we collected a good cup of tea and a souvenir jar of orange cream. They make you very welcome in the perfume distilleries and show the whole process. It is good salesmanship and for our part we got that jar and a lot of interesting information. Fruit bottling is also done there.

The town is 1,000 ft. above sea level and enjoys a very mild climate. Its narrow winding streets are attractive and there are delightful walks to be made over the hills.

Egypt.—When the figures are all sorted out it will be interesting to see what this rather momentous season has meant to Egypt. The young king and his beautiful bride have provided an element of romance which made a universal appeal and focused attention on their country. The festivities revealed the nation-wide popularity of their Majesties and the way everything passed off so peacefully must have dispelled the silly fears which may have been created by the political changes not long before the wedding.

We have had a broadcast from the Pyramids (it was a pity the B.B.C. did not arrange something of the sort as well), one of the most interesting tomb discoveries since Tut-ankh-Amen and quite a big push in the matter of sport, so that Egypt has been more "in the news" than usual. The river steamers have been doing well, due to some extent, I have no doubt, to the new arrangement of being able to do the journey up or down or both by steamer and not necessarily both. With the political waters of the Mediterranean so ruffled by international squalls Egypt is not doing so badly and there is still time to make it a better season than last. Upper Egypt does not get too hot until the end of March and Cairo is comfortable until the middle of April.

PUTTING THE SNAKE THROUGH ITS PACES. An Egyptian snake charmer fascinates his charge, the two weaving this way and that in rhythmic unison

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Merano.—The weather would not be very warm in March, but dry and sunny. With its bracing air it is an excellent place for a change after illness.

St. Wolfgang.—We can recommend this place and Gmunden for lovely surroundings and gaiety. The famous Weisses Rossl (White Horse Inn) is on the lake side and pension in August would cost about 18s. per day. In Gmunden we recommend the Hotel Austria am See at £1 a day or the Bellue-Esplanade at 18s. a day.

Late Ski-ing.—In the German speaking part of Switzerland there is excellent spring ski-ing on the Eiger, Monch, and Jungfrau, in fact it is quite possible to ski on the last-named throughout the year. In France there is ski-ing until May around Chamonix, Tignes, and at the Col de l'Iseran. These hotels are open all the year round, the figures being the price in francs for single room with pension per day—Chamonix: Angleterre (45), Arve (28–35), Bellevue (40–65), Etrangers (40–50). Tignes: Chaumière (35–50), Grande-Motte (48–50), Mont-Pourri (32–60). In all cases there is running water and central heating.

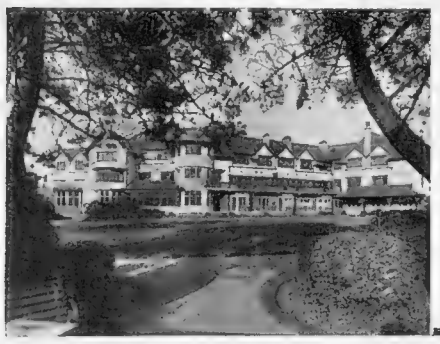
Beverley Brooke

OLD-WORLD COMFORT: The delightfully equipped day-room at "Our Chalet" helps to explain the popularity of the Girl Guides holiday home at Adelboden. The great cauldron in the open fireplace provides a picturesque touch

The best of everything . . .
in terms of horses, health, golf, scenery, sunshine, rest, and comfort await you at
PALM COURT HOUSE HOTEL
Inclusive terms for residence and riding. Write for details. Tel. Rustington 323. ANGMERING-ON-SEA, SUSSEX

IT'S Never too Early . . .
to come to Bude. Motoring, fishing, tennis, squash, billiards, riding and walking. Golf links adjoining. Your Hotel? The GRENVILLE second to none in Cornwall. 100 rooms and suites. Fully licensed. Covered verandahs, ballroom, lift, central heating. Write Manager for tariff. Tel.: 15
GRENVILLE HOTEL
BUDE

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL



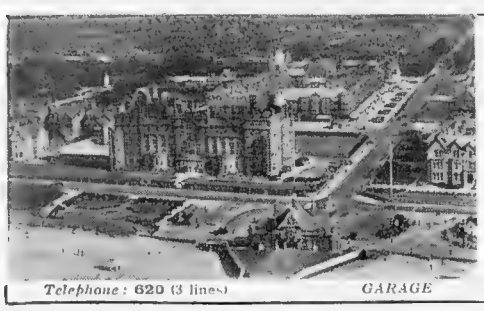
An Hotel of Quality and charm for a holiday of content. 80 restful bedrooms (many with private bathrooms) with lovely views over Bournemouth Bay. Six acres of gardens with private beach and foreshore to afford complete seclusion. En-Tout-Cas tennis courts. Five golf courses within easy reach (Parkstone adjacent).
Private suites. Lift. Commodious garage. Lock-ups. Illustrated brochure with pleasure; request from S. Whiston, Manager.
Telephone: Canford Cliffs 797/8
Telegrams: Salubritas, Bournemouth
BOURNEMOUTH, W.

A week-end at Folkestone?
—at a first-class hotel in a sunny, sheltered situation. Golf links 10 minutes' walk. Tennis, squash and badminton adjoining. Lift to all floors. Cocktail Lounge, private suites and bathrooms with softened water. Your comfort under the personal direction of the Resident Proprietor.
Telephone 2666
PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE

. . . and still the Red House
the ideal country base for the man or woman who enjoys Town life. Sleeping in the country, a good breakfast and a quick journey by road or rail make a pleasant beginning to the business of the day. And the end? A book, billiards or a rubber of bridge.
THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD
Mrs. Prior, Resident Proprietress, will be glad to send you full particulars. Private Suites available. One minute from the station. Telephone: 164

If it's pleasure . . . .
you're seeking in London then why not add to it the joy of comfortable living? At Hans Crescent Hotel you'll find it at its quietest and best—with a first-class cuisine in addition. Harrods, Hyde Park and Theatres close by. Ideal for Receptions and Private Dances. Sprung Dance Floor. Brochure from Manager on request.
Telephone: Sloane 3421. Telegrams: Hancrestel, London.
HANS CRESCENT HOTEL
Knightsbridge, S.W.1

Health
Health of body and health of mind. In our hydropathic and other baths, our restful comforts, our verandas and our high, sunny situation (500 feet up) you will find new health . . . . at Great Britain's greatest Hydro *.
And for those who want recreation and a rest, there are concerts, dancing, golf (free) and all the incidental pleasures of living in company where the daily average of visitors is well over 200.
SMEDLEY'S at MATLOCK
** Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. The terms, which run from 13/- to 18/- a day, include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths, SMEDLEY'S HYDRO, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE. Telephone: Matlock 17.*
ALL UNDER ONE ROOF



Telephone: 620 (3 lines) *GARAGE*
ST. ANNES-ON-SEA
HOTEL MAJESTIC
(Open all the Year round)
The popular Social Rendezvous of the Lancashire Coast. Opposite Pier. 200 Bedrooms with Hot and Cold Water. Magnificent Ballrooms and Lounge. Thé and Diner Dansants. The Majestic Orchestra plays daily in the Lounge. Swimming Pool.
SPECIAL WEEK-END TERMS
Within easy reach of Four Golf Courses.
TENNIS, BADMINTON, Etc.
Apply for Illustrated Brochure S to Manager.

In Quest of

Bournemouth Takes Care of its Amenities for

TORQUAY and Bournemouth easily head the list of inquiries I get for any particular place, and as I wrote about Torquay a fortnight ago, I will take Bournemouth this week; for spring is on the way, and already holiday inquiries are reaching me in great numbers. Bournemouth has done more to develop itself as a holiday centre in the last ten years than any other place I know. I can remember when it was a very quiet, rather undeveloped resort which was popular for its position, its climate, and its marvellous setting of sea and pine trees, but where the facilities for entertainment were very limited and not much in demand.

Now, there is nothing that you cannot get in Bournemouth. Its shops are good, its transport service is convenient, its municipal authority is energetic and enterprising, and, not least, it contains perhaps more good hotels than anywhere else I know. If you want a quiet holiday, a "festival" holiday, a convalescent holiday, or a dietetic holiday, Bournemouth can fulfil your requirements down to the last coat-hanger.

For a quiet holiday, the place which always jumps to my mind first is the famous Canford Cliffs Hotel which has always managed to retain the most delightful atmosphere of peace, comfort, and seclusion, this in spite of the fact that it is one of the very best equipped hotels I know anywhere. For it is fully licensed, has its own En-tout-cas tennis courts, and every possible facility for the sporting life. I always notice that the guests at Canford Cliffs are particularly pleasant, and it is this peculiar knack of making people feel thoroughly happy and at home in an hotel which is the secret of its excellence.

Another famous hotel in Bournemouth is the Royal Bath. A business acquaintance of mine told me the other day that "the Royal Bath is the only place where you can get a meal worth eating, outside London." Being rather more experienced in the matter of hotels than he is, I assured him that I had a long list of places "where you can get the only meal worth eating, outside London"! But I gladly concede that the Royal Bath is one of them.

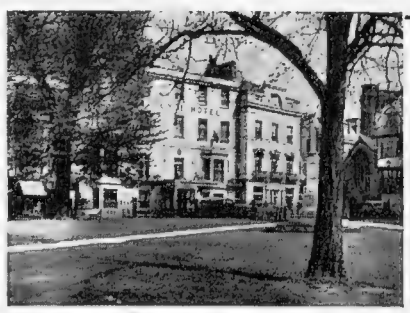
In Bournemouth the other day for a few minutes only, I stopped to have a look at the new Cumberland Hotel which was officially opened last Saturday—though actually it had quite a number of guests in it for ten days or so before that. The last time I had seen it—the beginning of January—it was still in the hands of the builders, and looked as if it would barely be finished by Easter. I was amazed by the speed at which the work had been accomplished, and great praise is due to all concerned for the determination with which the job has been tackled.

The Cumberland is a magnificent place—easily the most up to date on the South Coast. I have not yet eaten

Business . . .

Those who come to London for exhibitions, conferences, meetings, and appointments will find that the Alexandra offers an incomparable situation for saving time and fares. Luxurious comfort and efficient service restore tired brains and weary bodies.
And very economical terms not only lower expenses but set a new standard in value for money.
The Alexandra
HYDE PARK CORNER - - LONDON, S.W.1
140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.
Write or telephone SLOane 4521

The Luxury Country House Hotel of the Midlands
ITS position is strategic for immediate access to or from Birmingham, Coventry, Leamington and Warwick. Its situation—280 acres of park, greensward and lakes, with 18-hole golf course, tennis, squash courts and riding school. Its category—luxury to the last detail (telephone in every room); dining and drinking—a matter of consummate perfection. Its hospitable reputation, but a few weeks old, is already made. And its name is
CHADWICK MANOR, KNOWLE
Standing back from the Birmingham-Warwick road.
Details on application to the Manager. Telephone: Knowle 2251. WARWICKSHIRE
Telegrams: "Chadotel, Knowle, Warwicks"



In the quiet of the Cathedral Close
Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.
Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER
—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone: 4071-2.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Visitors, Providing Unsurpassed Entertainment

or slept there, but I was particularly attracted by its decorations and general appearance, and I have no doubt that it has come to stay. Mrs. Phillip and her manager, Mr. Walter, have my heartfelt good wishes for their success.

But do not imagine that it is necessary to stay in a five-star hotel in Bournemouth, for Bournemouth is particularly strong in hotels of the four-star variety, and smaller. Bourne Hall, as SPHERE readers well know, is one of my special favourites; and I wish that all hotels of its size managed to maintain the same cheerful atmosphere. The Norfolk, the Solent Cliffs, the Highcliffe, and Linden Hall are all hotels which I recommend frequently and with great success; and there are many more.

Coming down to places which can definitely be called small, I am lucky enough to know one which is not well known, but always much appreciated by those whom I tell about it—the Priory Hotel. The Priory has a great advantage in being practically, if not quite, on the sea level. Miss Coyle, the proprietress, has such high standards of comfort and real quality that her hotel maintains a level necessarily rare among places so small.

Finally, a special note to vegetarians, and many of my readers would be surprised if they could see the number of vegetarian inquiries I receive. I know two hotels in Bournemouth which cater specially for diets which exclude meat—Branksome Dene is already well known to vegetarians and now Wheaton Lodge, in Branksome Wood Road, a much smaller, but very comfortable place, has come to join it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

V.P.S. (Esher).—I note that you wish to be near the sea—so the "shires" will not do. I suggest you go to Crossacres Country House Hotel, Selworthy, Somerset. This is situated about a couple of miles from the coast, close to Porlock. It is right in the heart of a famous hunting district and a number of good packs meet all round. The hotel itself is a converted country house, though perhaps I should not say "converted," since the country house atmosphere has been so cunningly retained that it is hard to realise you are in a hotel at all! It combines all the modern conveniences with all the old fashioned charms. I was particularly struck with the finely proportioned rooms. I hear that the food is first-class, though I have not yet had an opportunity to eat there.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

WASHINGTON HOTEL

Every modern convenience—Heart of Mayfair—Quiet surroundings—Fine suite of rooms for Banquets—Wedding Receptions.

Telephone: Gros. 3101 CURZON ST., LONDON, W.1

THE HONYWOOD HOTELS

And this year . . . Grove Hall

A homely hotel with crackling open fires and central heating, run on country house lines in 12½ acres of grounds. **A private bathroom to every bedroom . . .** food, wine and comfort equally Utopian. 34 miles by road to London . . . and 37 minutes by rail. Golf, a hard tennis court and squash at Sonning. Terms: **4** to **6** gns. a week, no more, no less. Write or 'phone Twyford 106.

GROVE HALL, TWYFORD, Berks.

THE HEATH HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE

ONLY HALF-AN-HOUR FROM LONDON

One of the smaller, LESS EXPENSIVE, and MORE HOMELY first class Hotels standing in beautiful grounds. Luxuriously furnished and equipped for your comfort.

NEW BALLROOM LONDON DANCE BAND

Children's Playroom. Tennis. New Cocktail Lounge.

THE TARIFF——AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE

IDEAL CENTRE FOR GOLF, RIDING, SQUASH, TENNIS, RIVER

FROM 4 GUINEAS A WEEK

means that you can live without a domestic care in a cheerful, restful, cosy atmosphere at Southdown Hall. 400 feet up looking South over the Downs, 20 minutes from Town, 5 to the Station. Lovely sunny garden, balcony and terrace. Charming bed-sitting rooms or suites. Bridge, Billiards, Ballroom. Good food . . . and fully licensed.

SOUTHDOWN HALL HOTEL

THE DOWNS, WIMBLEDON. *Tel.: WIMbledon 0811-2*

Week-end at

FERRING GRANGE HOTEL Nr. WORTHING

A fully licensed country house Hotel twixt Downs and sea. Special week-end terms Friday dinner to Monday breakfast 35/-, or Saturday dinner to Monday, 25/-. Bring golf clubs, Squash racquet and Riding kit. Telephone: Goring by Sea 21.

A.A. ★★★★

GRAND in name.

GRAND in position, facing the sea and on the level.

GRAND in appointments and cuisine, a five-star hotel and more.

GRAND to the smallest detail.

The GRAND, TORQUAY

Golf, Tennis, Squash—free to residents. Harry Evans and his Broadcasting Band play nightly in the Ballroom. 'Phone: 2234.

● *Stay at lovely*

KINMEL HALL

—THE RHEUMA SPA OF WALES

ABERGELE

Delightful residential and holiday centre. Magnificent fifteenth century mansion—modernised. 1,000 acres of parkland; own golf course; near sea. All games. Riding, shooting, fishing.

SPA TREATMENTS (separate wing) under resident medical supervision. Excellent cuisine. Special diets.

During Winter:
Course of Treatments 3l/6 week
Board Residence from 3½ Gns.

Come for a Change - Come for the Cure

Brochure and terms from Secretary:

KINMEL HALL - ABERGELE - N. WALES

THE VENETIAN GARDEN

SPRING HOLIDAYS!

In South Devon Spring is like early Summer, so make certain of your accommodation and book now at

LINCOMBE HALL

Own beautiful grounds with hard tennis court, flower gardens, palm trees, and sunny nooks. Within the hotel there is also Spring freshness—new decorations and furnishings. Many bedrooms with private bathrooms.

Write Manager or 'phone 2302 for brochure.

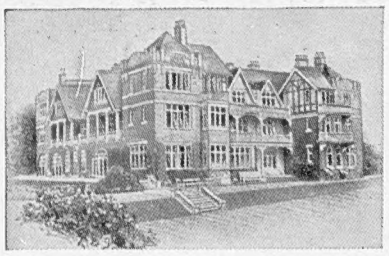
SPECIAL INCLUSIVE SPRING TERMS.

THE GARDEN HOTEL Lincombe Hall OF TORQUAY

FORTFIELD HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

Overlooking Sea. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Central Heating throughout.



Lift

Self-contained Suites

Garage

Patronised by Royalty

R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 39

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Angmering-on-Sea.—Palm Court House Hotel.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Royal Bath.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Impney Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Eggesford (N. Devon).—Fox and Hounds Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere(Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel.596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel.11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (near).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Knowle (Warwickshire).—Chadwick Manor.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.

MORE NAPOLEONIC MSS. IN THE SALEROOM

(*Continued from page 308*)

Marie-Louise—but as Napoleon was always kind to his young royal wife, she grew to be really fond of him, and happy, during the four short years of her life in France.

Napoleon wrote several letters to Berthier, showing his impatience to meet his bride and how he was counting the time, pleading for more intimate details "Ecrivez moi je vous prie, avec plus de détails." The emperor sent orders concerning the journey, where they were to stop and so on, but though he was waiting with extreme impatience Berthier was to be sure not to fatigue his empress. These letters, together with the consent of Marie-Louise to the marriage, are all in one lot, lot No. 42—unquestionably of most interest to the general public, introducing, as they do, the feminine element into the calculations of the masculine mind. The whole of the collection however, is to be offered first in one lot, and to be sold separately if the reserved price is not reached.

The other lots consist very largely of army detail, showing Napoleon's concern with every department—nothing seemed to escape his eye. He urges the need of cloth for a certain brigade, speaks of the height of the new recruits, at the same time arranging for great movements of troops and planning schemes of attack.

Some of the letters to Berthier deal with England—he orders that all possible damage must be done to British commerce in the Mediterranean; prepares for an expedition against England, having previously requested information concerning "toutes les incursions que les Anglais ont faites sur nos côtes depuis 1700," and also insists upon the fortification of Taranto as a shelter from English attack.

The announcement of the great victory of Austerlitz, dictated by Berthier to a secretary for despatch to Talleyrand, is another of the gems of this collection. It reads rather after the manner of Marlborough's famous despatch after Blenheim—"Je vous annonce avec plaisir, Monsieur, la plus célèbre bataille gagnée par l'Empereur Napoléon . . . les armées russes et autrichiennes détruites . . c'est sur le champ couvert de morts que je mets pied à terre pour vous annoncer cette éclatante victoire." B. H.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Almost urgent appeal is made by the Society for funds to assist them in their great work of caring for 1,200 poor boys and girls and training them to become good and useful men and women. The boys in the Homes are trained for civil employment, and those in the Training Ship *Arethusa* for the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy, whilst the girls are trained for a domestic life. Please help this great work of maintaining and training 1,200 poor children. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

WINNING ENTRIES: *Above*—Adrian Waterlow receives joint first prize for this solution of *The Sphere's* pictorial competition. *Above on right*—A joint second prize goes to R. Sinclair-Thomson for this entry

AN INTELLIGENT VARIANT: from a reader in Tunbridge and (*below*) the key picture drawn by Percy Home

"The Sphere" Christmas Pictorial Competition

THE SPHERE'S annual pictorial competition in the Christmas Number has, as usual, attracted a host of entries, readers in all parts of the world sending in attempts. From the Sudan, Quebec, Trinidad, Portugal, Holland, Missouri, Brazil, Sweden, Southern Rhodesia, Southern India, the Transvaal, Cape Province, Ontario, California, France, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Mysore, and British Columbia, have come entries, their range evidencing the wide appeal of the contest.

The subject chosen for assembly was a square in the little town of Avallon in the Department of Yonne, Burgundy, a fact that several competitors, knowing the region, realised as they pieced the puzzle together. The degree of accuracy attained this year was very high indeed, possibly because the subject was wholly architectural, thus allowing of less scope for variation. As a result it has become necessary to divide the prize money and to increase it from a total of £10 to £12.

Instead of a single first prize of £5 there are three joint first prizes of £2 each, the successful entries being those of **Adrian Waterlow,** 21a, Heath Street, London, N.W.3; **Hugh Willoughby,** 336, Beverly Road, Douglas Manor, Long Island, New York State; and **J. P. Sayer,** 310, Regent's Park Road, London, N.3.

The second prize, originally £3, is now increased to £4, and is shared by four competitors:—**R. Sinclair-Thomson,** Park Lodge, Margaretting, Essex; **N. Will,** Ommaroo Hotel, Jersey, Channel Isles; **L. Kennard,** 4, Place de la Republique, Pau, B. Pyrenées, France; and **P. Cocper,** The Master's House, The Wyggeston Hospital, Leicester.

The third prize of £2 is also divided among four readers: **N. Fox,** St. Joan, 38, Burney Road, Alverstoke, Hampshire; **J. M. Van Haselen-Crichton,** 4, Depotweg, Padang, Sumatra, Dutch East Indies; **Leonard F. Mann,** 22, Chester Terrace, London, S.W.1; and **Edward Squirrell,** 27, Pickwick Road, Dulwich Village, S.E.21.

HONOURABLY MENTIONED: W. Starkey, Torquay; G. C. Hill, Somerset West, South Africa; M. M. Kincaid, Pitcairn, Greenock; Sophie Marshall, Rapallo, Italy; H. C. Fawkes, Cheltenham; E. Hickson, Swanage; W. Stanton, Holloway, near Matlock; A. V. Pramble, London, W.C.1; Margaret Baddeley, Croydon; C. J. M. Lowe, Poole, Dorset.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS—*Continued*

Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Hotel Majestic.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weybridge.—Heath Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl.Crook. AA.R.A.C.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.).—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S.Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748 9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*February* 19, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

A most Entertaining Way!

Welcome Always — Keep it Handy

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

QUEEN'S · SWEET · SPORTSMAN'S DRY

SOW Carters TESTED SEEDS

CATALOGUE "GARDEN & LAWN" POST FREE FROM RAYNES PARK, LONDON, S.W. 20

CARTERS TESTED SEEDS LTD.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris & Berlin

AT the PARIS Offices of "THE SKETCH," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67 Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32 Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

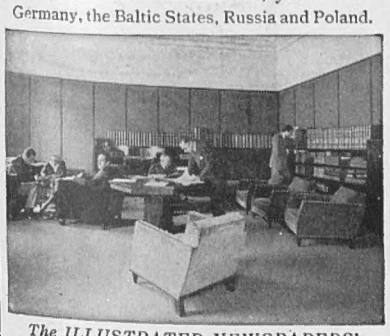
All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to:

PARIS OFFICE:

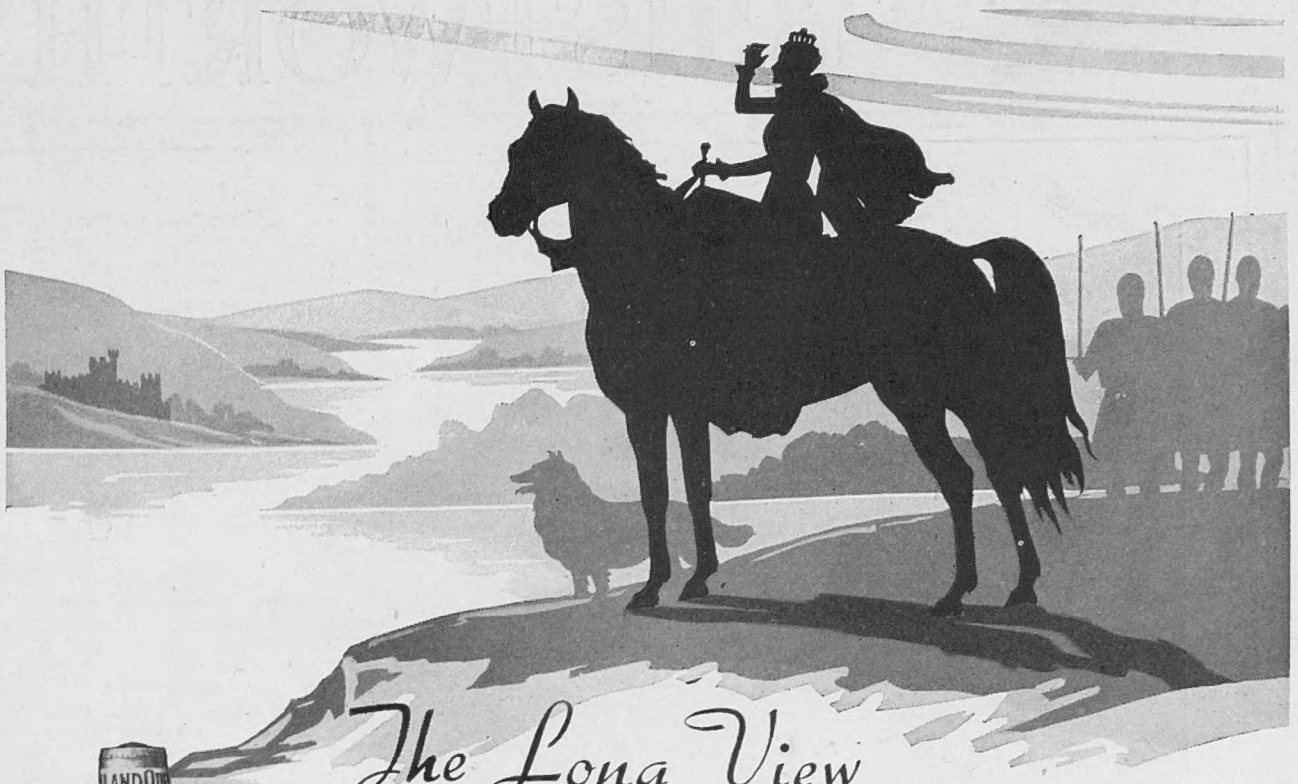
65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN OFFICE:

Kurfürstendamm 32, *for* Germany, the Baltic States, Russia and Poland.



The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS' Reading Room in Paris.



The Long View

The more successful the Distiller of Whisky, the longer must be his view. What he sows to-day may well be garnered by the next generation, just as the fruits of his father's works are the basis of his own business. He works not for to-morrow but for many morrows ahead, and the Whisky he distills to-day will not return its profit for fully another ten years. We are referring, of course, to the highest class Whisky . . .

HIGHLAND QUEEN

PRODUCT OF THE LARGEST INDEPENDENT DISTILLERS IN SCOTLAND

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD. Distillers, LEITH, EDINBURGH; also GLASGOW and LONDON.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—3,000 f.a.s.l. 1½ hrs. from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.**—Centre of Winter Sports. Patr. by Duke of Windsor. Inside swim. pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Hotel du Cap D'Antibes.— Pavillon Eden Roc. Unique situation between Cannes and Nice.

Beaulieu-s-Mer. — The Empress. — Sunniest Hotel. 1st cl. Very comfortable. Cntrl. Grden. Rms with bath. Suites. New mgmt. Frm 3½ gns.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo and Menton. Tennis, swim. Incl. frm 105 frs., with bath frm 125 frs.

Le Trayas (Var) Navirotel (The Ship Hotel).—Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet.

Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rooms. 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated 1934. Open all the year.

Monte Carlo.—The Monte Carlo Palace.—1st class, up-to-date—facing Casino—sea view —open all the year. Moderate terms.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class. 200 rooms. Close sea & casino. Own gar. Mod. trms. Conv. headquarters for Riviera. Swiss management.

Paris.—Hotel Jubilé, 125, Avenue Champs-Elysées.—100 rooms with private bath. Close to the Arc de Triomphe. From 10/-. Private suites.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets. Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9

Wiesbaden.-Hotel Nassauer Hof.-Wrld.-rnd. Finest pos. opp Pk. and Op. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd. by best British society. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

SWITZERLAND.

Arosa.—Sporthotel Hof Maran.—300 ft. above Arosa (6,000 ft.). Every comfort. Concerts, bar, etc. T. Halder, Managing Proprietor.

Davos-Platz.—Angleterre and Parkhotel.—Leading family hotel. Winter sports. Full pension, including afternoon tea, £1.

Gstaad (Bernese Oberland).—Grand Hotel Alpina.—The Skiers' Paradise. 1st cl. fam. htl. Wonderful situatn. Incl. tms frm F.14 E. Burri, prop.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Style. Noted for food and comfort. All winter sports. Topping band.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—Grand Hotel Kurhaus.—1st. cl. 200 beds. Best sunny pos. Typical Eng. fam htl. every entertmt, psl atten. Mod. prices.

Montreux.—Montreux-Palace Hotel.—Lake Geneva, renowned mild climate, sheltered from winds, winter sports in immediate vicinity.

Mürren.—The Grand Hotel.—250 beds. The perfect & sunny snow holidays & true enjoyment. Dancing, Kursl. Econ. rates. C. F. Eicher, Man.

Sils-Maria (Engadine).—Hotel Waldhaus.—High class family Hotel in finest ski-ing centre. O. Kienberger, Managing Director.

Unterwasser—Iltios.—Hotel Sternen.—The leading hotel of the Säntis district. Mod. comf. Orchestra. Bar. Pension terms Frs. 9 to 12.

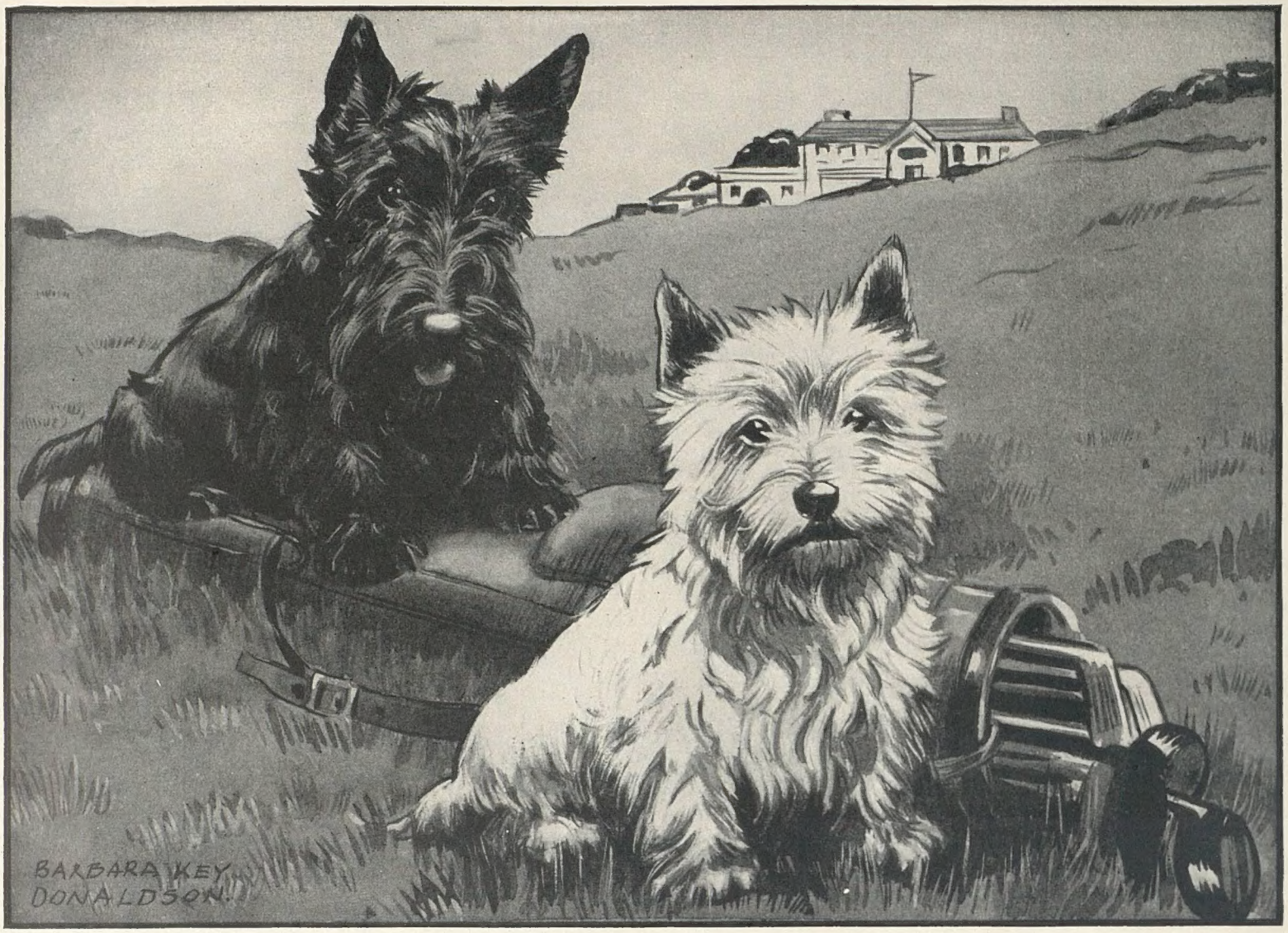
Wengen.—Grand Hotel Belvedere.—1st class, every modern comfort, excellent cuisine, Bar, Orchestra, all inclusive rates from 19/-.

Wengen.—Palace.—At its best in February and March. Inclusive terms from Francs 18. F. Borter, proprietor.

Zurich.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—1st class, opposite station. Swiss Air office. Rooms from Frs. 6.50, meals Frs. 3.50-5. Most convenient.

Zweisimmen.—Hotel Bristol-Terminus.—The English home from home. Every comfort. Reasonable terms. Amusements.

TRUSTWORTHY



"Old Friends to Trust.."
Francis Bacon 1561

Always—like a true and loyal friend—"Black & White" brings a warm glow of appreciation. Its genial character is born and bred in the richest, finest reserves of aged whisky in Scotland.

"BLACK & WHITE"
SCOTCH WHISKY

It's the Scotch!

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*February* 19, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.